Twitter Archive: Hannigram/HEU

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/36398899.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Other Additional Tags to Be Added
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-01-13 Completed: 2024-08-31 Words: 41,603 Chapters: 82/82

Twitter Archive: Hannigram/HEU

by HigherMagic

Summary

Some of my longer twitter threads that people kept asking me to move onto AO3. Each chapter will be a thread and the chapter notes will have the appropriate tags/warnings. These may include topics you want to avoid, and other pairings, please be sure to read the notes before so you go in prepared.

If people have access to other threads of mine, since I can only go so far back on my Twitter, please feel free to link me to them so I can add them, otherwise they'll be lost to the void.

Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Domestic fluff, bottom!Will

Will's breathing always gives him away.

The deep, sudden inhale he takes as he stretches, the first dregs of consciousness reaching him from sleep, alerts Hannibal to his beloved's newfound awareness.

The quiet, snuffling breath he lets out against Hannibal's shoulder late at night, lit by firelight in the silence of their study, tells Hannibal when he's ready for bed.

The soft, shaky exhalation of a laugh tells Hannibal when he's made a joke Will finds hilarious, but for one reason or another doesn't want to give Hannibal the satisfaction of laughing too loud or too suddenly. When it's an inside joke between them, when they're in company, Will laughs like this often.

When Will is in distress (but aware of it), his breathing becomes very even and very slow, like he's trying to self-hypnotize and slow his heart rate manually. Hannibal gives him space when he does this, as too often he is the source of one of Will's triggers. Will comes to him when he's calm and breathes out loud and heavy against Hannibal's neck, the sound sweet with relief as Hannibal embraces him in turn.

At night, in their bed, sheets stained and gripping their bodies like creeper vines, Will's breathing is rough, uneven, holding snarls and pleas and teeth. He breathes need against Hannibal's throat and moves beneath him, panting restlessly, kissing Hannibal's air away and taking it for himself, like he takes Hannibal's teeth and cock and everything else Hannibal wants to give him. Then, when it's done and Hannibal is allowed to rest, Will curls up beside him, pliant and sleepy, and catches his breath with a hum in his throat.

Depending on how well Hannibal managed to fuck conscious thought from his skull, he falls asleep quickly, his breathing evening out as he nuzzles Hannibal's shoulder or chest or neck and every muscle in him goes lax.

Hannibal presses a kiss to his forehead, closes his eyes, and listens to his beloved's breath slow, content with the blessing of getting to enjoy it for another day, and eager for the next, when Will's long, sweet sigh will rouse him once again.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Rough/punishment sex, murder husbands, S&M

The grip on his jaw is bruising, teeth grinding together and a dull throb radiating from his cheek, down each fingerprint digging into his skin, to the base of his skull as it knocks against the door. The collision itself is comparatively gentle, but Will's cheek still stings from the slap and Hannibal's nails have anchored themselves in his skin with savage intent. He lets out a weak groan, chin tilted up because he knows Hannibal wants to see his eyes. He wants to see calculation, defiance, fear. Always an experiment with him, to see how Will reacts to various stimuli.

Will has no intention of disappointing.

"Are you proud of yourself, my love?" Hannibal purrs, once he has Will's full attention. As though he ever lost it. There is no instant of Will's life, awake or asleep, where he does not feel the air warmed by Hannibal's presence, sharpened under his gaze, brought alive bright and loud by his touch. A poetic man might call it a bond between souls. A scientist might call it synergy.

Will doesn't have a name for it, just words like 'perfect' and 'not enough' and 'mine'.

He stares at Hannibal, his anger-dark eyes, the slight upward tic of his lip; a snarl barely repressed. The smear of blood light enough to be called a blush across his left cheek. Will wants so badly to taste it, but Hannibal's grip is firm, the pressure of Will's skull against the door relentless.

"Are you?" he asks instead of answering, furtive as an animal who has shown his beloved a courting gift for the first time. A dog taught how to fetch. A crow with a shiny trinket. Such is how he holds Hannibal's love; desperately, adoringly, and far, far too tight.

Hannibal's teeth are red and wet when he shows them. Will's mouth goes dry. His pulse hammers against his throat, frantic as a caged bird. Often he wonders, if given the freedom, how long it would take for his heart to claw itself from behind his ribs and curl up against Hannibal's instead, because Hannibal is life and strength and Will craves the display of it. The animal devotion of it. The primitive knowledge that they are the same, the exact same thing exposed to different angles of light.

Hannibal radiates pride like a beacon when he whispers, "Yes." He pushes his forehead to Will's and breathes in deep, the sound loud and concussive as a bullet to bone. "Always." His nails threaten blood on Will's jaw. "But your behavior was reckless. It cannot go unchecked."

But how could it be helped? Will had seen the desire in his mate, the flared nostrils and clenched jaw as certain a death sentence as a gavel. Will is merely the weapon, the pretty lure, the fierce and unseen blade that only needs a direction. No malice of forethought. No burden of guilt. Hannibal can be judge and jury - Will is more than content to execute his will.

Instead of any of that - because Will knows Hannibal knows, that he understands and loves Will all the same - Will merely swallows, and says, "Do your worst."

Hannibal's lips twitch, this time a smile. Promising, pleased. Whatever reaction he wanted from Will tonight, he got it. He wanted acceptance, shamelessness, neediness, and that is impossible for Will to deny him.

Will is permitted one kiss.

The next one will come when Hannibal deems him suitably punished. Will hopes it doesn't come for hours, for days. He wants to be so dry and brittle by the end that the kindness breaks him, and he can drown.

The kiss lingers, tasting of iron and wine.

Will audibly gasps as teeth close around his lower lip, reigniting the pain in his face as his jaw clenches and he sucks in a breath. Hannibal's smile turns cruel and wide as he draws back. He leads Will by the hand on his throat to their bedroom. Will surrenders, and follows his guiding light, his North Star, his master, his beloved, into their nest. He goes gladly.

He earns his second kiss when he cannot shed any more tears, when there are bruises all over his body, when he is more trembling limbs than conscious man.

He earns his second kiss on his knees, and knows, without looking, that Hannibal is once again radiant with pride.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

feederism, belly bulge, DP/fisting mention, HannigramDogs, bottom!Will

Hannibal plies Will with so much food he's fit to explode, but still dutifully does his training with the monster dildo Hannibal bought him. His full belly exaggerates the bulge even more.

How else is he going to get enough stretch practice to take Hannibal's and Nigel's fists at the same time? Poor thing suffers so much for his goals, but that's okay - his sweat and tears will be put to good use afterwards. And he loves riding the huge dildo while being watched.

Loves how Nigel's crude comparison to stuffed turkeys makes his cheeks red with perverse shame. Loves how Hannibal pets his belly bulge with a single reverent hand and helps Will move when Will's strength gives out.

He loves how sloppy and loose he is when they finally fuck him.

He'll obediently suck come off Nigel's fingers and Hannibal's stomach, even though he's so full, and doze through the bath and petting until he's a happy little burrito between the two furnaces of men who share his bed.

They didn't declare what they were thankful for at dinner.

Will doesn't do it now. He just nuzzles under Hannibal's jaw and draws Nigel's arm more firmly around his uncomfortably heavy stomach, and smiles when they clutch him tightly in return. They're thankful for each other. They don't need to say it.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Possessive behavior, marking, murder husbands

Will gets the breath knocked out of him as Hannibal forcefully pushes him against the bathroom wall, cold tile digging into his shoulder blades, the toilet paper dispenser catching on his hip in a brief moment of discomfort.

It disappears as quickly as it rises, replaced with another pain, sharper and more insistent; the press of Hannibal's teeth against his throat, his claws in Will's flanks keeping him still and pinned.

As though Will would dare to try and wriggle his way free.

"H-Hannibal," he gasps, staring up at the dull yellow light above their heads. He knows better than to move, Hannibal's teeth working around the tendon in his neck and threatening irreparable harm if Will tries to fight him.

He never would, not now.

His hands flatten on Hannibal's strong shoulders, the soft fabric of his new jacket stretched tight across the flexing muscle, arching into Will's touch. Will bites down hard on his lower lip to avoid making a sound, wincing when Hannibal secures a mouthful of delicate skin and starts to suck. By now, Will is used to danger and arousal mixing in the base of his skull, a mutt of an animal that is too strong and relentless and driven to be sated by anything other than complete satisfaction - it is a gluttonous thing, this beast, one of their own making, that has only found its like in Hannibal's eyes.

Hannibal's lips are soft against the stubble on Will's neck, capably hiding his fangs as he presses down a little further, a little harder, kneading Will's skin until the pain draws a rough noise out of him.

Will isn't certain what spurred such an impulsive course of action. Hannibal has been eyeing him like a feast since he emerged from the bedroom, dressed and ready to go. This doesn't feel quite like desire, it is something hungrier, angrier...

Possessive.

Ah, Will thinks, and smiles to himself. Mister Whatever-the-fuck-his-name-was. He'd been hovering close to Will all night, sending him suggestive looks. He's one of Hannibal's friends, in whatever way Hannibal has friends. Deviances. Entertainments. Cannon fodder and kibble.

Hannibal pulls back from his throat with a loud sucking sound, licking over the prickly border of red-splotching skin. It aches wonderfully, right down to Will's toes. Will cups the back of Hannibal's head, fingers threading through his perfectly gelled, fine hair, and turns his head for a kiss.

They kiss like there's blood on their tongues, two predators sharing a meal, Will's body crushed to the wall as Hannibal tries to merge them both into one being. Hannibal breathes out, their foreheads touching. He's waiting for Will, Will realizes. For Will to tease him for his possessiveness, or chide him for leaving a mark so high above his shirt collar, or some other course of action entirely. Will has always remained not entirely predictable to him, but these days Hannibal is more than happy to let Will decide the pace of the evening once the planned diversions are done with.

The opera is going strong. They missed the five-minute call light. Hannibal must be very upset if he hasn't mentioned it. Will nuzzles him, an ache in his chest. There's something about Mister Whatever that upset him more than usual.

"Did he say something to you?" he asks.

Hannibal's nose wrinkles, like the muzzle of a snarling tiger. "He asked what your rate for the night was," he replies. His voice is even but that says more about his emotional state than if he were to growl the words. His person-suit is being held together by the seams and the skin of his teeth.

Will isn't offended. He knows more than half of the opera crowd assume he's a hired boy to swoon and look pretty on Hannibal's arm. He isn't offended, but Hannibal is. Not for himself, Will knows better than that, but Hannibal has developed a complete intolerance for people belittling Will, and that's more than enough for him.

Will kisses Hannibal again, gentle and slow, coaxing the beast back into a mindset of relative calm. The hand on Hannibal's head is grounding, as is the lace of their fingers on Will's hip.

"Invite him for dinner," Will offers. "It's been a while." Hannibal's eyes crinkle, gleaming with joy and anticipation. He nods. "But first," Will continues, and tilts his head back. "Leave another."

Hannibal does growl, then, and dives back in, finding another unmarked place on Will's neck and dragging his teeth across it before he bites down. Will moans weakly, hips jerking against Hannibal's thigh, squeezing his fingers tightly.

Dinner with Mister Whatever will be a grand affair, but Will can't deny he's developed a certain fondness for Hannibal's particular choice in appetizers.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

> Mild breathplay, edging, consensual but Will begs and says 'No' a lot because the edging is self-imposed, bottom!Will.

As much as Hannibal loves watching Will slowly fall apart, it's sometimes more satisfying to simply hold him while he does. Will is in his lap, only his slacks and underwear pushed down past his knees so he can hook them on the outside of Hannibal's thighs, his cock a deep, blushing red, warm and hard and drooling precum as Hannibal strokes him with a steady, assured rhythm.

His other hand is on Will's thigh, keeping him steady, nails dug into his sweaty skin.

Hannibal's senses are flooded with Will; his sweat, the scent of his arousal, the rush of his pulse beneath Hannibal's lips as he nuzzles and kisses his beloved's nape and red cheek. Will is so beautiful like this, a slave to the pure, simple sensation of pleasure at Hannibal's hand.

They're both sweating since Will didn't let any of their clothes off, just pushed Hannibal down onto the couch and begged to be touched.

Hannibal always gives Will exactly what he asks for.

Will's stomach tenses and sinks in, his thighs spreading wider as he shoves his hands onto the couch cushions on either side of them and lets out a rough, high-pitched whine. "S-stop," he whispers. "Not yet, not yet, Hannibal, please..." Hannibal smiles, kisses Will's throat open-mouthed and lingering as he obediently pulls his hand away and settles it on Will's sternum instead.

Will's heart thunders under his palm, like it's trying to beat its way out of his ribs. "Mm, fuck!" Will's lashes flutter open, revealing his hazy eyes, black in the low light and shining with tears of self-imposed frustration. He bares his teeth. "Fuck, no, not yet, please!"

Hannibal slides his hand up Will's thigh, gently cupping his balls and giving them a single, mild tug, to help ease Will back from the edge. This will be the fourth time, he notes absently. The bottom of Will's shirt is coated in leaking precum, their clothes unsalvageable from sweat. Such is Will's possessive nature; he wants everything to bear his mark, his scent, to have stains not even the best dry cleaner can entirely remove. He wants everyone with a keen enough eye and nose to know that Hannibal belongs to him.

Deeming Will sufficiently in control again, Hannibal slides his fingers down, massaging his perineum and dragging his fingertips over Will's tight hole, which clenches at the touch as

Will whimpers. He rolls his hips, desperately seeking more, his cock jerking when Hannibal obliges him and gently eases a single finger inside.

They won't make it to a fifth, not if Will has gotten to the point where he's craving penetration. Hannibal knows it, Will knows it, but neither of them comment. Instead, Hannibal moves his other hand from Will's chest to his throat, cupping the entire span of flushed, sweaty skin, able to hold Will's heartbeat in a single hand.

Will moans, loud and needy in the silent room. His knuckles are white, nails digging lines into the leather of the couch. He closes his eyes, going lax against Hannibal's broad chest, and turns his head, seeking a kiss. Hannibal meets him, of course. He'll never deny his beloved anything.

Will tries to grab his hand, to pull it back down, but Hannibal resists, and tightens his grip on Will's throat instead. "You can finish just like this," Hannibal rasps. It's the first time he's spoken in a while, his voice is rough with disuse. Whatever blue was left in Will's eyes disappears completely as he stares at Hannibal. "I know you can, darling. Just for me."

Will is already nodding, cupping Hannibal's face and kissing him again.

Hannibal curls his finger inside Will, dragging it out slowly, then back in, his thumb putting pressure on Will's prostate from the outside. He holds Will steady by his neck, wishing he had more hands, so he could knot his fingers in Will's hair, and clutch the nape of his neck and drag nails down Will's spine and stomach, and leave marks on his thighs all at once.

Will whines again, the sound weak, head falling limp as he buries his face in Hannibal's neck and clings to him tightly.

"H-Hannibal... Please. Please, not yet, not -. Yes, fuck, please, please..." He falls silent, just mouthing the word over and over again as every muscle in him starts to lock tight and bear down. He comes so hard that it hits the back of Hannibal's hand.

Hannibal smiles, admiring the mess as it covers Will's stomach and chest. He pulls his finger out of Will's clenching hole and strokes his cock through the last few aftershocks, only stopping when Will's moans turn to sweet little whimpers and he's gone completely lax.

He wipes his hand between Will's thighs, sure that he'll find a use for the slick later, and moves Will so he's sitting sideways across Hannibal's lap, Will clinging to him so tightly while he catches his breath.

Hannibal kisses his forehead, scenting him fondly. "Good boy."

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Soulmate AU – you hear everything your soulmate hears, but not their own voice.

Will heard a lot of French and Italian, once he was old enough to realize most of what he was hearing wasn't English. Hours of evocative classical music. Long stretches of time where there were only soft scratches he eventually realized were graphite on paper.

He heard endless lectures about art, science, and anatomy. His soulmate was going to be a doctor! Will was so proud of them, and hoped they would succeed. But sometimes, Will heard other things. Shrieking horses and gruff, mean men shouting. Explosions. As time went on, he realized that his soulmate was prone to flashbacks, PTSD from their childhood.

A little female voice yelling 'Hannibal! Hannibal!'.

The soulmate connection doesn't account for the actual person's voice, or their emotions, so Will was never sure if they were memories or not.

Until he heard, clear as day: "To my mate. Please, stop putting yourself in the path of violence." Hannibal had had someone read it out to him, so that Will would hear it. He'd been a cop for almost four years by this point.

The auditory life of a beat cop is far from peaceful.

He doesn't want Hannibal to keep getting triggered by his lifestyle, so Will quits and moves to Virginia. He gets dogs and spends sunny days by the river. He lectures on crime scenes because he's good at it, and he knows Hannibal isn't squeamish.

Even if he was, he doesn't hear Will. Will talks at his students and discourages questions so that Hannibal doesn't have to hear all the gruesome details. He starts hearing screams anyway. Hours of them at a time. Panicked cries of fear and distress, devolving into pained wails.

They don't sound the same as Hannibal's flashbacks, not at all. These voices are mostly American, to start. They come muffled from car trunks and amongst clanging metal and loud saws - much different from the war-like cacophony of Hannibal's childhood.

Will isn't stupid. He can put two and two together - he was good at his job on the force and he's still good at reading crime scenes. But he can't just have someone read accusations to him like Hannibal did the one time he asked Will to quit the force. He doesn't want to record himself and play it back either, in case someone finds it. People will ask questions.

It goes on like this for years. There are stretches of quiet between the screams, filled with laughter at dinner parties, and operas, and more drawings and music. Hannibal is a psychiatrist now, and Will has gotten good at tuning out the droning of his patients.

He already knows what to expect because he heard Jack ask Hannibal to come in and give a psych eval. On Will, no less. That'll be a conversation he saves for later. He braces himself to meet the man his soul is destined to be with. The murderer who is the other half of himself.

He already knows Hannibal is older, because Hannibal was going to college several years before Will, and Will has listened, quietly fuming to himself, as Hannibal's 'friends' fawn over him and chide him for still being single at his age. It's none of their Goddamn business.

Whatever Hannibal is, he belongs to Will.

Hannibal barely reacts, when he realizes. His eyes widen a fraction, a helplessly smitten smile on his face. Will has to admire the construction of the mask; it's absolutely flawless to anyone but him.

And he intends to tear it off.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Post-fall, tailor!Will

While they're both mostly bedridden after the fall, Will refamiliarizes himself with sewing & darning, since they don't have access to new clothes for a long while. He becomes quite skilled at it and manages to land a job as a tailor's assistant when they heal enough and settle.

When Hannibal notices new suits in his wardrobe, he's curious and delighted. Each one fits him perfectly, Will intimately aware of his measurements by now. Whenever he wears them, Will has such a self-satisfied look on his face. Hannibal visibly preens under the attention.

Even more so whenever he comments on it, drawling things like 'Don't you look pretty' or 'I knew that color would suit you'. Will starts picking out what Hannibal wears every day, claiming Hannibal's appearance for himself. It fills Hannibal with a warm, frantic kind of feeling.

A restless energy builds under his skin during the day, held tight beneath seams and fabrics. It vibrates in his hands and makes them shake whenever he prepares dinner for them. It only eases when Will, at the end of the night, sheds Hannibal's clothes piece by piece.

Will is the one to place the mask on Hannibal every day, and the one who takes it off every night. Only Will knows the precise angles and contours of Hannibal's inner monster, his true self.

When Hannibal thinks about it, he wonders how he ever wore clothes made by anyone else.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Blowjobs, post-fall, deepthroating, PTSD, scent kink

The scar on his cheek is still tender, warning Will from staining himself too soon, but Will is nothing if not determined. Saliva drips from his parted lips as he takes Hannibal in, another inch deeper, his throat spasming around the intrusion. He doesn't pull back, not now.

This is the most he's ever been able to take. He still has nightmares about the feeding tube, he can only do this if Hannibal is restrained on his back, so Will can't feel him touch his face or pet his hair. His nails are sharp in Hannibal's thighs, leaving marks of their own.

Hannibal lets out a rough noise above his head, earning Will's gaze. His pupils are wide, upper lip curled back in a desperate snarl. Seeing Hannibal barely holding onto his control fills Will with pleasure and satisfaction. He whines as Hannibal's cock twitches, another spurt of salty precum staining his tongue and stinging the inside of his cheek. He pulls off slowly, with an obscene slurping noise that makes Hannibal grunt, hips straining with effort to keep still and not try to force himself deeper.

"I want you to come in my mouth," Will rasps. "I want to taste it."

Hannibal's nostrils flare, jaw clenching. He nods, closing his eyes and tipping his head back as Will descends again, his cheek burning, jaw aching. Will slowly pushes his hands beneath Hannibal's ass, cupping firm muscle and encouraging him to thrust.

He does, shallowly, mindful of Will's still far too sensitive gag reflex. He warns Will when he's close, giving Will one final out that Will doesn't take. He swallows everything Hannibal gives him, savoring it with slow breaths as Hannibal softens in his mouth.

When he's done, Will keeps sucking, tonguing at the sensitive head and gently rubbing Hannibal's ass as Hannibal groans and twitches beneath him, trying to move away. He can't go far, of course.

When he gives up, surrendering to Will's cruel torture, Will smirks to himself. He has always promised a reckoning, after all. None of the pleasures he gives Hannibal come without a price. "Will," Hannibal gasps, earning his gaze again. "Please darling, have mercy on me."

Will laughs, pulling off. "Since you asked so nicely," he muses, wiping his mouth.

He crawls up Hannibal's body and kisses him deeply, sharing the taste with Hannibal, his own erection rutting lazily against Hannibal's belly. He reaches up and unties Hannibal's

wrists so Hannibal can hold him, stroking Will's back and kissing him while Will chases his orgasm.

Will can't be touched while he's using his mouth, but when they're like this, Will needs it. He needs to feel Hannibal, human and warm beneath him, kissing the nightmares away while Will uses his body for his own. Hannibal holds him together when Will is falling apart.

When he's done, Will presses every sticky inch of their bodies together, uncaring for the mess. Hannibal's mouth is gentle on his shoulder, his neck. Will flinches when Hannibal kisses his sore cheek and rolls his eyes when Hannibal grins at him. "Not a word."

"I didn't say anything."

"And you won't, if you know what's good for you."

Hannibal laughs, cupping Will's skull and kissing his forehead, where the other scar is. "Shower time?" he suggests, as Will starts to go boneless against him. Will huffs. He is not pouting.

"You smell like me," he says instead, because he knows Hannibal likes that kind of thing. Learning this side of his monster was effortless as breathing.

Predictably, Hannibal presses his nose to Will's neck and breathes him in. "...And you, like me," he concedes. "Perhaps a shower can wait."

Will hides his triumphant grin in a kiss, and pulls the blankets over them. "That's what I thought."

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Murder husbands, graphic violence

Hannibal stares, struck mute as he watches the spray of blood coat the centerpiece, pooling into the tablecloth and soaked into the placemats. He remains silent as Will shoves their dinner guest forward by the grip on his thin hair, sending him face-first into his bowl of soup.

Will takes the man's cloth napkin from his lap and wipes the steak knife clean on it. "That may have been impulsive," Will says coolly. "We'll have to get a new tablecloth."

Hannibal meets his eyes.

Will's are dark, practically gleaming in the low light, still holding the simmering rage he'd felt since the moment their guest entered their home. Hannibal had no fondness for the man either, but he didn't expect Will to be the one to act on it. Will holds his gaze steadily, a single brow arched.

He sets the knife down.

Hannibal takes his hand.

There's the lightest spatter of blood on Will's knuckles, which he kisses reverently. "I don't think I have been more in love with you than I am in this moment."

Will smiles, showing his teeth. "Is this the kind of behavior you want to positively reinforce, Doctor Lecter?"

"Oh, absolutely," Hannibal replies. He rises to his feet and pulls Will close to him, kissing him ravenously. He's hungry for a different kind of carnal pleasure, now. Will laughs at him, and allows Hannibal to lead him to the bedroom.

They'll deal with the mess in the morning.

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Post-fall, implied PTSD, blowjobs

Will's shoulders have hardly been treated well in his life, and after the Fall he can barely lift his arms more than 45 degrees for a long time. This means Hannibal is responsible for washing his hair in the bath or shower. This necessary task soon turns to a comfort habit for both of them, with Hannibal petting Will's hair whenever Will has nightmares, or gently brushing it from his face while Will naps and Hannibal reads.

This conditioned soothing technique turns out to have a delightful second use; Will had trouble in the beginning, relaxing enough to take Hannibal in his mouth. But how can he do anything but go limp when Hannibal has both hands stroking and petting his hair and face while Hannibal guides Will's head, training him to take his entire cock?

Maybe there's something to be said for immersion therapy.

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Fucking machines, bottom!Hannibal, orgasm denial, dom!Will, facials

Will ties Hannibal up with a fucking machine behind him, going fast enough to feel good but not nearly enough to achieve orgasm any time soon. While Hannibal is occupied Will gets comfortable at his desk in the corner with a full view of the show and meticulously grades papers.

If Hannibal gets too rowdy he'll get a 'tsk' or other verbal reprimand. Occasionally Will gets up and jerks off, coming on Hannibal's face or back so Will can continue to focus. One of two things will happen: Hannibal will break free, or there will be no more papers to grade.

It's always an exciting time, waiting to see which happens first. Will's students complain about how many essays he suddenly starts assigning, but have to admit his feedback and grading notes has improved dramatically. Sometimes dinner is late, or Hannibal has to cancel his appointments with his patients to make time for a full day tied up as Will's entertainment and plaything.

But that's not Will's problem. No matter who 'wins' the game, Will always gets what he deserves.

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Gym sex, bottom!Will, sweat/scent kink

Will makes Hannibal go to the gym because they can't afford to get noticed, so the hunting frequency has drastically decreased. To keep them in shape and help with physio, they both go to the gym together. So far they have been banned from two different gyms for having sex in the showers or locker rooms (and one memorable time when another patron asked to join and Hannibal almost murdered him on the spot), so on the way home they have to keep their hands off each other.

Which proves...difficult.

Almost impossible.

Will has to start stretching himself out while they both shower because they barely make it through the door of their safehouse before Hannibal is on him. Will says that they shouldn't even bother showering if they're going to make a mess of each other as soon as they can. Hannibal agrees wholeheartedly.

He knows that he definitely likes Will when he's sweaty and disgusting, when his scent is most potent and his entire body is lax and exhausted from exercise. Will is developing a bit of a sweat kink himself. Neither of them mind. There's no such thing as too much cardio.

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Choking

"Harder?" Will tightens his grip when Hannibal nods, squeezing his neck just a little bit more. He can feel Hannibal's pulse rushing beneath his fingertips. Hannibal showed him how to do this right, where to place his hand and put pressure so that it would only become dangerous if they let it.

Will almost wants to let it.

"You'd let me keep going, wouldn't you?" Will whispers, awed, his hungry gaze taking in Hannibal's flushed face, his lips turning slightly blue at the edges.

He fights the instinct to ease up - Hannibal said he could, and he hasn't tapped out. But maybe he won't.

"You'd let me choke you to death, right here and now, if I wanted to." Hannibal hasn't the air to speak, but his gaze is steady, unblinking. His pupils are narrowed to pinpricks, his eyes unwavering on Will's face. In his final moments, he would only want to see Will. Will has known that for quite some time. "Fuck, I love you so much," Will snarls. Hannibal's lashes flutter, his chest tensing as he tries to breathe in, tries to soak that sentence into his lungs through a grip too tight to let the words sink into his heart.

Will's vision blurs with tears, overcome by his emotion along with Hannibal's. He lets go, and puts his hand on Hannibal's pounding heart as Hannibal sucks in a sudden drastic breath. His heart is racing, like it's trying to beat its way out of his chest and into Will's hand. Will would clutch it so tight it would burst.

Will lets him take another breath before he leans down and kisses it away, holding Hannibal's head in both hands, fingers lacing in his sweaty hair. "I love you," Will whispers again, to his lips, his jaw, his tender throat. "I love you." One of Hannibal's large hands goes to the back of Will's head, clinging to him, keeping him close as Will continues to kiss and press words of love and adoration to Hannibal's skin. Will is struck raw by the vulnerability emanating off of both of them, and soon falls silent.

Then; "I love you, Will." It's raspy and rough, so unlike how Hannibal usually speaks, and makes Will shiver. Their night isn't done, but they can afford to pause for a moment and rest.

They have all the time in the world, after all.

Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

> Established relationship, murder husbands, implied switching, explicit bottom! and dom!Will.

Will has become the master of 'Not yet'.

First thing in the morning, when Hannibal wakes early to leave the bed and prepare breakfast and coffee for his beloved, Will clings to him and nuzzles him so sweetly, with a drawling "Not yet" that Hannibal is helpless to resist.

When they're out at night, when Hannibal finds a victim he wants, Will takes his arm and whispers, "Not yet." Because there are too many witnesses, or he's noticed a camera in the corner, or he wants to drive the anticipation of the hunt up so that when it's finally time, Hannibal can be fully unleashed. When it's done and they're covered in blood with meat and organs ready to store, Hannibal usually leads the way upstairs.

Sometimes Will catches him, and whispers, "Not yet", a dark look in his eye as he laces their crimson fingers together and draws them to his lips for one final taste of fresh kill before it's destined to be cooked.

Will sometimes murmurs "Not yet" when it's late at night and Hannibal suggests they go to bed, or even when they're at the dining table and Hannibal asks if Will wants to move to the study. "Not yet," he'll say. "You are beautiful like this. I want to look at you a little longer."

Hannibal is used to receiving praise and adulation, but whenever Will says things like that, so sincerely and quietly, like it's no big deal, it strikes him mute and he can only acquiesce, a slave to whatever internal clock Will keeps.

There's the "Not yet" when Hannibal is tied up and at his mercy, begging Will for respite from the constant stimulation, begging to come, begging for anything. For more touch, for more attention, for more Will.

"Not yet, sweetheart," Will purrs, brushing his sweaty hair from his face. "I'll take care of you, just be patient." Hannibal has never whined so much as when Will talks to him like that. Then, when he's inside Will, mercilessly bringing his beloved pleasure with his hands and teeth and cock, fucking him so hard the bed creaks loudly. The desperate, "No, please not yet, please not yet, please..." Because Will is a heathen and a glutton and he never wants moments like this to end. He'll cling to Hannibal with every limb and fang and claw he possesses, raising red lines on Hannibal's back, laying marks to his throat, legs and arms wrapped tight around Hannibal like he'll die if Hannibal ends this too soon.

Those 'Not yet's are Hannibal's personal favorites.

Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

choking with belt, implied dom/sub switching, Bondage

When they get home, Will tells Hannibal to kneel. He does, hands behind his back, eyes at half mast as Will slowly pulls off his own belt and steps up behind Hannibal.

"Three," he murmurs. Hannibal nods and lifts his chin, allowing Will to wind the belt around Hannibal's neck.

The hard edge of the leather compared to the supple softness stretching around his throat, the way Hannibal can feel it twist in Will's grip, picturing the black leather contrasting with white knuckles, already has his breathing growing heavy and his heartbeat racing.

Will pauses, and puts a hand on Hannibal's shoulder.

"You ready?" Hannibal nods, and Will starts pulling. He holds it, for three seconds, before releasing and letting Hannibal have a gasp of air.

Will's nails dig into his shoulder. "You just can't help yourself, can you?" His makeshift collar tightens again. "Not even for one night." Will lets that linger, for three more seconds, before he releases.

"You gonna piss on me next time, just to drive the point home?"

Hannibal's upper lip twitches. His voice is ragged, and low; "There is no punishment great enough to deter me from touching you, Will," he confesses. Will doesn't make a sound but his scent doesn't lie. The taste of his arousal coats the back of Hannibal's throat like honey. "You are mine, and it's my right to make sure everyone knows it."

"I know," Will whispers. His hand slides up. He cups Hannibal's jaw and tips his head back, making their eyes meet. Will smiles, and leans down to kiss his forehead. The belt draws tight, robbing Hannibal of breath.

He doesn't fight. There is nowhere else he'd rather be.

His vision is grey at the edges but Will is in sharp focus when Will loosens his grip and unwinds the belt. He cups Hannibal's face again and kisses his forehead, head tipped back, throat exposed and darkening with bruises.

Will closes his eyes. "Don't ever change."

Hannibal exhales, and wraps his fingers around Will's wrists, where there are red rope burns and bruises in the shape of fingers, to match the welting bite marks on Will's shoulders and chest, his clawed and scarred thighs, his bitten neck.

"Never," Hannibal promises. "Never."

Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

touch starvation, domestic fluff, needy Hannibal

Hannibal has been quiet for a few days. This isn't necessarily odd, but Will thinks he might just want some peace to himself so he plans a fishing trip.

When he's about to leave, Hannibal is at the door, and quietly asks, "May I join you?" in a voice so vulnerable and sad.

Will realizes he misjudged and immediately offers to stay, but Hannibal shakes his head and offers his hand. He wants to come with.

They go to the small lake a few miles away. The sun is shining, there's a gentle breeze. Hannibal never stops smiling. Will catches their dinner. While Hannibal cooks it, Will hugs him from behind the entire time, feeling Hannibal's tension ease little by little. By the time dinner is ready, Hannibal is back to his talkative self.

When dinner is over Will stops him from standing and clearing the plates, taking his hand.

"You know I don't have to leave when you're quiet. I just thought you wanted a little space."

"I don't know what I wanted," Hannibal admits. He doesn't like confessing that kind of thing. It's both surprising and endearing. "I just didn't want you to leave. To be alone."

"Do you know what you need now?" Will asks.

"No," Hannibal says, frustrated and low. His fingers tighten in Will's and Will knows that, whatever it is, he just needs to stay close by. He can definitely do that. He will always do that.

He squeezes back, prompting a smile. "That's okay," Will assures him. "If you figure it out, let me know. I'll be right here."

There's a pause. Then, so quietly, so awed; "I know." And Hannibal smiles again, his eyes shining. Will kisses him and helps clear the plates.

They end the night cuddling in the study.

Hannibal sighs, and rests his cheek on Will's shoulder. "This," he murmurs. "I needed this." Will smiles, kissing his hair, wrapping his arms around Hannibal's shoulders.

"For as long as you need," he promises. They don't move. They fall asleep, wake up there, stiff but happy.

"Thank you, Will," Hannibal says, voice husky from sleep. Will merely smiles warmly at him, and kisses his forehead, cupping his nape.

"A little more, I think," he says. Hannibal doesn't argue, just settles with a happy sigh. Breakfast can wait for a while. Everything is okay.

Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

high school/teen Hannigram AU, drugs/weed use, bottom!Hannibal

Will's high as a kite, smoking shit that's cheap and hits hard. Cruise control's on in a truck on its last legs that rumbles and whines loudly. They head into the deep woods, and Hannibal's bent over, Will's free hand on his head, lazily using his mouth.

They get where they're going, which is nowhere at all. In the woods where no one can hear them, Will puts a blanket in the bed of the truck and the suspension creaks as Hannibal moans and curses and claws at his back. The night is warm and Will's mouth is full of smoke.

Weed makes him ravenous and time stands still. Hannibal's teeth are numb from the contact high. They make out between rounds, Will shotgunning his lungfuls into Hannibal's mouth, grinning wide and lopsided and slurring soft pet names just to get Hannibal to kiss him again.

They're both sweaty and sticky all over, Will stubs out his blunt and crawls into Hannibal's arms, kissing wherever he can reach. He rolls Hannibal onto his back and sucks him nice and slow, moaning loud as Hannibal is, until Hannibal floods out the taste of weed in Will's mouth.

Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

domestic fluff

They're both at the piano bench, Will with his cheek on Hannibal's shoulder, listening and humming along. Will says, "Play me what comes to mind when you think of me."

The room goes silent. Hannibal's fingers tremble on the keys.

t's tense, waiting, and finally Hannibal says, "I can't. Capturing you through music is like perfecting your eyes or hair on paper. It's impossible, ever-changing, never enough for a perfect likeness. I could write a thousand sheets of music and you would surpass them all."

And Will cups his face, because Hannibal sounds genuinely distressed by this notion, that with all his capabilities and prowess, Will might continue to evolve beyond him, forever out of reach. He kisses Hannibal with utmost gentleness and smiles when Hannibal leans into him, frantic and plaintive. He's always afraid Will might deny him.

Then, Will places his own hands on the keys, and says, "Teach me to play for you, then." When Hannibal looks at him, he smiles and adds, "Maybe we can come up with something together. We have time." And Hannibal nods, mute, overwhelmed.

They do, he realizes. They have time.

Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

sex worker Will and independent murder husbands running away together

Will is a sex worker. Hannibal is his therapist, helping him deal with his PTSD from being a cop and cope with some of his more demanding clients' needs. One day Will shows up to their session covered in blood.

"I didn't know where else to go."

Hannibal, of course, lets him in.

He agrees to help Will on one condition: Will has to tell him everything. In excruciating detail.

Will's session ends up lasting well into the night. Though he leaves Hannibal's office washed up and bandaged, he's thoroughly marked. Hannibal tells him that, should this happen again, Will need not hesitate to seek help and comfort from Hannibal a second, third, tenth time. It becomes somewhat of a routine. Will has grown intolerant of appeasing brutal and undeserving men. He stops being ashamed of his kills.

Hannibal has never been more proud of a client's healing journey, nor has he ever been so enthralled by the brutal beauty of Will's kills and skill in recreating them in their safe space. When the police catch wise, Will packs a bag and goes to say 'Goodbye'. Hannibal meets him with a bag of his own. They smile.

It's an agreement. A promise. When Will offers his hand, Hannibal readily takes it, and they disappear into the night together.

Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

PTSD, bottom!Hannibal, blowjobs

It's the second time Will has tried doing this, and just like the first time, he manages to take barely an inch into his mouth before he's physically gagging, clenching his fists and pulling off, eyes clenched tightly shut as Hannibal lets out a concerned sound above his head.

"I'm sorry," he rasps. "I can't." He can't fight back the feeling of invasion, of tearing, of soreness. Of Hannibal's hands, so dichotomously gentle on his face as he forced the feeding tube down Will's throat.

"Will, darling," Hannibal breathes, just like the last time. "You don't need to."

Will nods, face flushed with shame at his failure. He rises and kisses Hannibal, pushing his thighs apart.

When it's over, Will lays with his head against Hannibal's chest, idly stroking through the sweaty matt of hair. He stares, to where their bodies are hidden by the clinging sheets. He rises to his elbow, and Hannibal makes a curious sound, hand gravitating to the natural curve of Will's nape. "Will?" Will shushes him, and kisses his sternum. He kisses down, licking up the sticky remnants of Hannibal's come. He slides between Hannibal's legs and pushes the sheet back so he can see his soft cock.

He looks up, takes a deep breath, closes his eyes. Hannibal is smaller when he's soft. His cock is still a little wet, and undoubtedly sensitive.

Hannibal's hand tightens in Will's hair as Will gently licks the flushed head. He parts his lips and takes Hannibal into his mouth, feeling at once ridiculous and victorious when his throat spasms, but the rest of his body remains calm.

He simply rests there for a moment, enjoying Hannibal's tentative petting, the way he's holding his breath and totally still. Pinned, helpless, curious and unwilling to push Will further. He can't get hard again so fast. Even when Will sucks tentatively, his only reaction is to moan and tense his stomach, overstimulated but unresisting. "Will," he breathes, and Will slides off him, lifting his head.

"Is this alright?"

"Of course," Hannibal replies without missing a beat. Will smiles, fond and affectionate, and takes Hannibal back in. He doesn't know how long he'll be able to do this, how he'll react if

Hannibal gets hard again, but for now they are quiet and still, and Hannibal's hand is so gentle, petting through his sweaty hair.

Will closes his eyes and slides his fingers between Hannibal's legs, sinking two into his sore, slick body.

They don't move. It's strangely peaceful.

Will could get used to this.

Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

post-fall angst

Will never mentioned them and hid them away, but while Hannibal was in prison, he wrote letters to him. Hundreds of them that he didn't send but also didn't destroy. He can't get to them now, so he takes Hannibal into his mind palace and they watch him write them together.

It's a difficult process. Sometimes Will is so angry his pen pierces through the paper. Sometimes he doesn't finish the letters at all, just sits and stares at nothing for an hour before giving up. Sometimes his eyes are wet, sometimes he stares at his own words, jaw clenched.

His memory isn't good enough to recreate them word for word, but Hannibal can get most of the sentiment. When Will is done, Hannibal doesn't say anything, but holds him tightly and kisses him and says, "I missed you too." Will knows that's not even the half of it. He understands.

Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

post-fall angst and touch-starvation, Will's hallucinations

Will watches, observing Hannibal constantly. After they heal Hannibal assumes Will is waiting for something - for some betrayal of Hannibal's nature, some sharp word or action neither of them can come back from. Some inevitable second shoe dropping that will force them apart.

Will doesn't pull away, but he doesn't come closer either. Until one day, unremarkable otherwise, he sits down next to Hannibal instead of across from him, and puts his head on Hannibal's shoulder like he does it all the time. No awkwardness, no mention.

Hannibal is tense, unsure what spurred this sudden change, and Will laces their fingers together and lets out a breath that sounds like he's been holding it for a long time. "You're okay?" he asks, and Hannibal doesn't know what that's meant to mean. Of course he is. He's here. They both are.

But he merely turns his head and kisses Will's hair and squeezes his hand. "I am," he replies, and feels Will smiling.

Will sighs, another sound heavy with relief, and curls up impossibly closer to him. "I just wanted to be sure."

Because it's all new to Will, too. He hasn't had the time and training to separate fiction from reality. He doesn't always know if it's Hannibal he's staring at, or some afterimage of black skin and golden eyes. So he starts touching, to make sure.

Then kissing, then everything else. Hannibal realizes Will sleeps so much better when he's nearby, when Will can hear him and register his heat, even subconsciously. He soothes every

tremor and answers every unspoken question with a smile.

Will settles, and after a while, "You're okay" isn't a question anymore. It's a fact. It's reassurance and trust and adoration. It's 'I'm okay, you're okay, we're alive and here and we're going to be alright', and Hannibal nods and smiles every time.

Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

post-fall fluff

When they're at the place they intend to call permanent, Will forbids Hannibal from entering the main bedroom for days. Hannibal can smell paint, and is curious, but Will still spends the nights with him and the smell hurts his nose so he's not *too* upset about being locked out.

It takes two weeks. Then Will comes and gets him, smiling wide and out of breath. "It's done," he says, and leads Hannibal upstairs. He's painted the ceiling to look like the night sky - but not just any night sky. Star charts and maps tell Hannibal, as Will explains quietly, that he figured out what the stars looked like the night of Hannibal's birth. And his own. He combined them and immortalized them on the ceiling. Some are very bright, and when Hannibal notes them, Will says, "Those are the ones that were the same. I had to paint them twice." -

Hannibal is completely struck silent by the gesture, the effort, the sheer weight of it all. So much happened in time and space for them to be together and happy. Will kisses his cheek, squeezes his hand and Hannibal turns, and they don't leave the room for a long while after.

Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

thinkpiece honestly, canon examination

Will's life has been dictated by what people think he is, what they want him to be. You are this, you are that. You are Other. You Are What I Make Of You. And Hannibal did that as well, he said Will was ungrateful, denying him. "I gave you a rare gift, but you didn't want it."

So Will bites back, "Didn't I?" Because Hannibal is just like the rest. Hannibal saw a thread and tugged. He lied, he manipulated. Hannibal is normal, uninteresting, common just like the rest. He reacts just like any animal does when he is cornered. That insult saved Will's life.

When they are on the cliffs, Wills calls him, it, everything, beautiful. It is temporary free will. It is gratitude, for Hannibal showing him where the thread led. For resigning himself to his commonness and allowing Will the option to be what he wants, and choose what he wants.

Will is not What You Make Of Me, but What I Make Of Myself.

Will uses Hannibal's common mistakes against him because Hannibal was just as curious as everyone else and treated him just like everyone else did.

But he made the mistake of letting Will close enough to weaponize it. So when he called Will ungrateful, disrespectful, tried to hurt him, Will was able to ask, "What did you expect?"

When Hannibal treated Will like a toy, like a curiosity, like someone he could project onto, Will reacted as a projection, as an experiment, two chemicals doomed to implode.

When Hannibal treated Will as an equal, a partner, a God, he received blessings and benediction.

Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

post-hunt feral possessiveness

It had been an accident. Or, at least, unplanned.

But Will doesn't care.

Not when Hannibal's hands are in his hair, clenching tight, Hannibal sucking harsh through the blood coating Will's neck, teeth sure to leave marks. Will's shoulders grate on the brick wall and his legs are spread, helplessly wide. He gasps to the flickering streetlight overhead and clutches at Hannibal's broad shoulders, moaning at the friction, the building heat, until Hannibal flattens a bloody hand over his mouth to silence him.

"What was his offense?" Hannibal snarls.

Will gasps, panting against Hannibal's palm, and his lashes flutter when Hannibal slides his fingers down, gripping Will's chin, making their eyes meet. "What was his offense, darling?" Will bares his teeth, smile off-kilter and smug at seeing Hannibal so thoroughly ruined.

"He tried to touch you," Will replies. He puts his hand on Hannibal's hammering heart, feels it stutter, watches Hannibal's already dark eyes go black. Will leans in, their noses brushing, breathing in when Hannibal breathes out.

They share air, blood, lust, murderous intent.

Hannibal's eyes drop, but don't stay there long. His body crushes Will to the wall. Friction from both sides lights Will's skin on fire, makes him feel flayed to the bone. He can't remember wanting, needing, something or someone this much.

"He tried to touch you," he repeats, voice softening, because Hannibal is just as helpless when Will shows him any sort of kindness, any affection. It works - hook, line, sinker. Will could ask Hannibal to do anything and there would be no hesitation. He leans in, tasting the air between Hannibal's parted lips, deepening the kiss when Hannibal lets out a raw, animal sound, and holds him tighter.

"Take me home," Will whispers. Hannibal's upper lip twitches, his eyes flash.

He grabs Will by the hair like a caveman, and drags him towards the car, their kill unimportant and forgotten.

Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

post-fall murder husbands

Will catching himself one moment while watching the dishes. He stares at his hand where his wedding ring sits and realizes he has a tan line from wearing it for so long. When Hannibal comes and embraces him from behind, Will knows he noticed too. The ring itself is by the sink, so Will doesn't worry about losing it while he does the dishes.

He shivers when Hannibal kisses his neck. "Are you alright?"

Will hums. "Contemplating permanence. How the act of something's existence changes its environment."

Hannibal smiles. "Change can be reciprocal."

Will's fingers curl. He tilts his head and lets Hannibal kiss his cheek, before he rinses his hands and shuts off the water. He dries his hands on a towel, and slips his ring back on.

He turns in Hannibal's arms and kisses him. "Then I suppose I should reciprocate," he says. Hannibal tilts his head, and then smiles when Will laces their fingers together and pulls them out of the kitchen. Up the stairs, and into the bedroom.

Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

> Military Service AU (Will & Alana are in the Army), referenced/implied MCD, suicidal ideation. There is HEA.

This was supposed to be Will's last tour. Then again, he always promised that *this* one was the last one. Hannibal had never liked Will serving in the Army, his own childhood too marred by the actions of soldiers, and he abhors the directionless violence that thrives in War.

But Will had joined when he was 18, poor Southern boys didn't have much of a choice if they wanted to take care of their family, and he'd already gone over twice by the time they'd met.

This was supposed to have been Will's last tour.

Hannibal goes with Margot, to greet Alana where they're all standing in rows in their BDUs, at attention. It's tradition for loved ones to search amongst the ranks, and they're only allowed to break formation when greeted. "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" has been repealed but too many of Will's co-patriots knew him from before. So they would do it like this: Margot would go to Will and Hannibal would go to Alana, and they'd break formation and escape to somewhere quieter and more secret, swap husbands and wives and embrace.

With Will's face in Hannibal's neck and his scent, hair crushed beneath his cap, badges digging into Hannibal's chest and strong shoulders shaking in relief. And then they'd all go out to dinner.

But Will is not among the ranks now.

Hannibal had been at Margot's house when two men in dress blues showed up with a folded flag and a small box in hand and for a moment Hannibal had imagined the worst, that Alana had fallen, that they'd come to deliver the news to Margot that she was a widow.

When the truth was revealed, a part of him wishes it had been so. He's much better at providing comfort than receiving it.

He hadn't cried. Will's soul has no use for his tears. But he feels the burn of them now as he watches Margot and Alana embrace. They never had to hide their relationship. They go to dinner. It's somber. The fourth seat feels so empty and the space around it is like a void.

When Hannibal comes home, he is tired to the bone. Then, it hits him, so light it's almost wishful thinking. That scent. Familiar; starched cotton and boot wax and the metallic aftertaste of a firearm.

Will.

He finds Will in the study, nursing whiskey. Will smiles at him.

"I told you this one would be the last," he says.

"Are you real?" Hannibal whispers, and approaches, and touches. His fingers land against warm, solid flesh, but his imagination has always been good. "They brought me your things."

Will hums, and nods to the folded flag on the mantle. "Did they get my ring?" Hannibal nods, and goes to the box beside the flag. He opens it, revealing, amongst the Zippo and billfold of pictures of loved ones, Will's wedding ring. Will is standing when he turns back around, and slips it on. Will smiles, and cups Hannibal's face, and kisses him. "Pretty dramatic, I'll admit," he murmurs, and he tastes like alcohol Hannibal no longer drinks. He must be real, he must be. "But you're not as good at faking grief as you think you are."

"Are we running away, then?" Hannibal asks, aching for another touch, another kiss. Will smiles, and grants him his wish.

"Would you be okay with that?"

"Will, I was ready to follow you the moment I knew you were gone. In whichever life."

Will's eyes are dark. He sets the whiskey down. "Not yet," he says, roughly. "You don't have to follow me there, yet." Hannibal embraces him, as he should have in that field, and kisses him fiercely. Will is solid in his arms, real as a heartbeat, and trembles for him, and breathes him in. "I have a note all ready," Will says. "Just pack your bag and we'll go."

Hannibal laces their fingers together, rings clicking and settling beneath their knuckles. He never managed the fortitude to take his own off. Will smiles, and nudges his shoulder with his forehead, and leads Hannibal out of the study, towards their new life, far away.

Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

omegaverse, Alpha!top!Will and bottom!Omega!Hannibal

Hannibal is a hedonist and indulged in anything that felt good in his youth. But he's never been knotted by a flesh and blood living Alpha before. Usually because when he gets into it, he bites and claws, they fight, and he kills them. He's repulsed by their weakness so he doesn't pursue Alphas often.

Until Will.

And he's resigned himself to killing Will too should their relationship become physical. No jury convicts an Omega who kills during sex because it's so common, when push comes to shove.

But he can't resist Will, and eventually they're In Hannibal's bedroom and Will's sitting beneath Hannibal, supporting Hannibal as he rides Will hard and selfish, panting against his neck. His nails flex in Will's back, teeth at Will's neck. He bites down and Will groans like Hannibal stabbed him. He's prepared to fight.

But Will doesn't fight. He snarls, "That's it, fuck yeah, mark me up." And tilts his head and offers more. He likes Hannibal hurting him, biting and clawing as much as he likes. He knots Hannibal when Hannibal wrenches his head back and sinks his teeth around Will's larynx.

It's Hannibal's first knot and it feels so…*good*. It gentles him immediately, like he finally scratched a spot he couldn't reach before. He grinds down on Will's lap as Will pants and strokes him until he comes and Hannibal paints Will's bruised neck and flushed face with It, possessively scent-marking.

After all, he's not going to let the first Alpha to survive him go without a fight. He kisses Will in reward and purrs for him, drags nails down his back, across his flanks as Will nuzzles under his jaw like a plaintive animal.

"Was that good?"

His throat and voice are raw. Hannibal kisses his hair and sighs contentedly, making sure Will can feel and hear how pleased he is.

"That was very good, darling," Hannibal replies. "I'll let you keep your head."

Will's rough laugh tells him Will knows he's not joking.

Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

omegaverse, mpreg, omega!will, alpha!hannibal

Will talking about a new pup and all the things they'll need to get and room to make for it. Hannibal is confused because Will didn't do this for his previous dogs, but he doesn't comment.

Until Will just glares at him one day and snaps, "Why aren't you more excited?"

And Hannibal stares at him. "Forgive me darling, it's just that we have seven dogs already so I didn't think it required additional -."

It is then that he catches the look on Will's face. Exasperated, fond, an eye roll so hard it's a wonder his eyes don't fall out completely. -

And Hannibal realizes that Will doesn't mean a *dog*.

"Oh," he whispers.

"Yeah," Will replies, sheepish and shy. "Is that...?" He doesn't get to finish his sentence before he has an armful of happy, purring Alpha, nuzzling Will and embracing him tightly. Will laughs.

"That's more like it," he says.

"Forgive me, darling," Hannibal replies, smiling, and kisses him. "English is the only language to use the same word for human and canine children. At least the only one of those I can speak."

Will laughs, and kisses him again. "Fair enough."

Hannibal rubs their foreheads together, breathing in deeply. And then he straightens. "There's so much to do!" he says. Will learns what it's like to have a very stressed and attentive father-to-be. Maybe it was better when Hannibal was confused, or at least more peaceful.

But he will admit it's endearing to watch Hannibal frowning down between three identical crib options with utmost seriousness.

Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

omegaverse, courting rituals, alpha!hannibal and omega!will

Omegas are the dominant class in society. Alphas trip over themselves in an effort to court and impress them. Since Will met Hannibal, Will's fridge and freezer are full of meat and offerings Hannibal gives him. His closet is stuffed to the brim with fancy clothes and his nest is so big from all the soft blankets and pillows that he has to move his bed into the living room to make room for it.

Hannibal keeps bringing him things but when Will complained about the effort of moving his bed, the Alpha switched tactics. He doesn't outright compliment or gush over Will. Nothing boring and repetitive. But he praises Will's cunning, his cruelty, his intuition. Things that usually scare Alphas off. He purrs constantly in Will's presence in a hope of endearing Will to him.

When Will is receptive, or at least doesn't bite his head off, Hannibal touches his shoulders and his face and his hair, and lets Will admire and scent him as much as he likes, as though he's a mere passive work of art for Will to take or discard at his leisure.

Will can tell he's inducing a rut in Hannibal, slowly driving him mad with his careful not-refusal. He wants to see what Hannibal does.

When the day comes the Alpha's behavior isn't much different. He parks outside Will's house, paces the border, smiles when Will watches him from the window, considering. Hannibal's priority, it seems, are his safety and comfort. Not the pride and joy of conquering an Omega, nor the satisfaction of seducing one.

He just likes being near Will, and Will quite likes the simple hope Hannibal has whenever they're in close proximity. Not pushy. Not childish and inelegant. Hannibal is here because being here makes him happy, in any capacity.

It's so rare an Alpha courts someone just because it makes them *happy.* It's like calling a dog to heel when Will invites him in. And Hannibal is so eager, rushing inside and into Will's arms.

Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

haunted doll AU

Will is a homicide detective in Louisiana and has been called in to investigate a particularly horrifying home invasion/family annihilation scene. The sole survivor is the 9 year old daughter. Will prowls into the house as his partner remains behind to get the girl's statement.

Will sees the killer's methodology and route clear as day, like someone drew him a map. Father dead in the living room, mama killed upstairs, the two older siblings never woke up. He notes it all down and then goes into the daughter's room.

It's pristine. That's the first thing he notices.

The second thing he sees is the doll.

It's positioned on the girl's pillows and stares right at Will no matter where he is in the room. Its eyes are dark, hair short and perfectly combed. It's dressed like a teacher, or some kind of businessman, and has a smile painted on its face.

It looks like it was expecting Will.

They arrange for the girl's aunt and uncle to come get her. Will lifts the doll and no one, not even the girl, mentions its absence. Will finds himself staring at it at night, for hours.

"You saw what happened."

He says it one day on a whim, too deep into whiskey to acknowledge the insanity of talking to a doll. The shadows cast by the fire almost make it look like the doll nods at him. A single, courteous dip of its head.

"We don't have any leads." Another nod. "You protected her."

The doll, of course, says nothing, but Will dreams about a huge wall of darkness coming for him and being held back by a single porcelain hand. The killer heard that Will was the lead on the case. He comes for Will in the middle of the night. He dies.

Will wakes up to a bloodstain on the floor and no memory of how it got there. But he can see it clear as day. The doll is sitting beside his head on a pillow. It wasn't there last night. It smiles at him, and Will smiles back.

It's self-defense, and Will gets transferred to Maryland.

His file is sealed because it really wasn't his fault. A killer came into his home and tried to kill him. And there's no evidence to suggest otherwise.

Will keeps the doll at the front of his new home and sleeps in the living room, with his friend watching over him.

Chapter 32

Chapter Summary

motorcycle/leather kink

It's the first time Will sees Hannibal in that leather jacket, astride his motorcycle. The sudden, powerful pulse of heat has nothing to do with the warm summer sun. He doesn't know if he can stand, let alone come greet Hannibal as he parks the motorcycle in front of the house.

Hannibal isn't wearing a helmet. His hair is pushed back by wind, cheeks flushed, lips wind-chapped. He dismounts gracefully and Will swallows hard, knuckles white. Hannibal walks up to him and bows down for a greeting kiss. "That's -." Will clears his throat, swallows, nods to the bike. "That's new."

Hannibal's eyes gleam with mirth. "Do you like it?" he purrs, petting Will's hair. Will can only nod, sucking in a breath, sure that Hannibal can smell howmuch/ he likes it. "Perhaps we can go for a ride, later, when it's cooler."

Will simply nods and lets out a weak sound. Hannibal smiles at him, eyes dark. He leans down again. "But first," he says lowly, fingers light over Will's hammering pulse. "A ride of a different sort. Come with me."

He stands and walks into the house. Will stares after him, panting, and follows.

Chapter 33

Chapter Summary

murder family, parent Hannigram

Hannibal and Will have a daughter, old enough to start dating.

Hannibal thought he would be the calm one, to be perfectly honest. Will has a lot of repressed red-blooded American male issues from growing up in the South. But Will is calm. He's laughing with their daughter and helping her pick out her outfit, and doesn't say anything when she decides on a dress that Hannibal would personally rather was longer. Will takes her shopping for some bracelets and dutifully helps her with curling her hair.

Hannibal waits. Maybe Will is going to follow them, or grab a shotgun and sit on the porch like a stereotype. When the suitor shows up, he's dressed relatively well considering he's a teenager, and he's polite and respectful and clearly adores their daughter.

Will sends them off with a smile and a simple request that they text or call if they need anything, and that curfew's at ten, so let them know if they're late. And he closes the door while Hannibal waits by the window and sees them off.

It's him, as it turns out, who's a lot more antsy. He knows what kind of things young men can get up to, and of course, so does Will.

"Are you alright?" Will asks, playfully, like he knows Hannibal is uncomfortable and coming to grips with the discomfort, since it takes him by surprise.

"How are you so calm?" he demands, aggravated when Will merely smiles.

Will just kisses him and says, "There's a knife in her boot, she has pepper spray and a taser in her purse, and I had her make sure she was okay with biting through warm carrots and kicking a guy where the sun don't shine." He drawls the words, accent out. Hannibal blinks at him and Will grins. "By the time she's finished with him, if he puts his hands on her in a way she doesn't like or want, there won't be much left for us to do," Will promises.

He sounds so certain, and Hannibal believes him. He smiles, relieved. "We can only teach her, Hannibal," Will murmurs, "and protect her from the offset. And clean up the mess, after. The rest is up to her."

"You surprise me," Hannibal confesses.

"I wouldn't want you to be bored," Will replies, laughing. "But.... If you want to go follow them, I won't blame you. I know where they're going."

Hannibal considers it. He wants their daughter to trust him, and to know he trusts her ability to handle herself and make her own decisions. But she's his baby, and the world is so cruel to women, and -.

"Let me know," Will says, squeezing his shoulder. Leaving the decision up to Hannibal. He moves away, leaving Hannibal to stare out the window.

Eventually, he decides to stay, to trust Will's teaching and their daughter's instincts. After all, she's theirs. She knows how to handle herself.

If something goes wrong, she knows who to call.

Chapter 34

Chapter Summary

disaster parents hannigram

Hannigram would be absolute disaster parents. Hannibal is so paranoid because he knows literally every disease under the sun and sometimes baby vomit smells like chicken pox. And Will is much more a 'throw 'em in the dirt and figure it out' father because that's how he was raised but he will absolutely go feral if someone threatens his child in any way.

And he specifically adopts a nanny dog that he trains to be their child's puppy to the point where the dog snarls at Hannibal sometimes.

Hannibal is the school run mom that everyone hates even if they're lowkey impressed by how involved and capable he seems to be. The daycare and school have to be convinced Will's actually the child's father and not just some scruffy weirdo hanging around watching the kids play.

Will flips out when Hannibal buys their kid a tiny knife set and Hannibal points out that having the baby in his lap while he works on lures is *hardly safer, Will*. Will has crime scene photos spread out all over the place and while Hannibal disapproves on principle, he doesn't do anything to clear the photos up.

A lot of people think they're divorced because Alana and Margot help with the baby so often, Hannibal's neighbors think Hannibal and Alana share custody and Will is Alana's boyfriend or something. So much gossip that Hannibal finds *hilarious*.

Hannibal refuses to feed the child breast milk that might even be close to seeing an expiration date whereas Will just feeds them whatever they seem interested in, as long as they don't choke. They both watch the nanny cam like hawks at night, curled up together in their bed.

Chapter 35

Chapter Summary

mpreg, not necessarily omegaverse but can be read that way

Will doesn't think he has to tell Hannibal he's pregnant - he's sure Hannibal can smell it. So he just doesn't. And then one day he doesn't fit into his clothes as well anymore and complains and says, "We have to go shopping, I need maternity clothes."

And Hannibal just stares at him with a visible 'Buffering' face. And Will realizes he didn't know. "...Are you serious?" he mutters. "Doctor 'I can smell colon cancer' Lecter didn't realize his mate was pregnant?"

Hannibal, at least, has the courtesy to look sheepish.

"I thought it was wishful thinking," he replies. "You never told me explicitly, and it's rude to assume."

Will laughs, at that. "Hannibal," he murmurs, climbing into bed with his mate, kissing his shoulder. "I'm pregnant." Hannibal visibly trembles, and sucks in a breath. "You're going to be a father." And he takes Hannibal's hand and puts it on his stomach, just starting to swell past the point of wearing his clothes comfortably.

Hannibal's hand flattens wide, his eyes shining with joy. Will grins, has mercy on him. "Now take me shopping."

Hannibal merely nods, and kisses Will deeply, and Will can feel the adoration, the awe, the pleasure and pride in Hannibal's voice, all the way down to his bones. "As you wish, my love."

Chapter 36

Chapter Summary

fluff, touch starvation and scent association training

When Will said that his internal voice sounded like Hannibal, Hannibal did not feel the same. He confesses that to Will, how no matter how hard he tries, whenever he imagines or recalls Will's voice, it rings with falsehood.

So Will blindfolds him and speaks to him and touches Hannibal, slowly. He repeats himself whenever he puts his hands over the same spot, so that Hannibal can recall him perfectly when Will is away.

He walks Hannibal through his day and his thoughts like a crime scene, his hands large and warm and gentle, brushing sensitive places as Hannibal shivers and lies still. Will puts scents on his wrists and beneath his jaw so Hannibal associates them, as well, with his voice, with his touch. Things Will only wears when they're in bed together.

It's never quite the same but it's enough, and when Will sees Hannibal, absently, in public, run his fingers over his wrists or across his stomach, or when he pretends to brush dust off his thigh, or straightens his tie, Will knows that he's remembering, recalling.

It makes Will smile. He makes sure he touches those spots first, next time.

Chapter 37

Chapter Summary

Sorcerer Will, sceptic Hannibal, murder family

Will is a sorcerer with a ‘fake’ magic act. Hannibal is the skeptic physicist who regularly uses science to ‘debunk’ Will’s illusions. It’s a playful rivalry, Will happy to let Hannibal believe he can explain anything. Then, one night, Will conjures Mischa’s spirit to the stage.

Hannibal can’t explain that. It keeps him up at night. Did Will hire an actor, and used their technically-not-a-friendship to coach her? Did he research Hannibal? No, she *knew* things. She spoke Lithuanian fluently. And Hannibal can’t explain her ethereal state. It drives him mad.

He sees Will take Mischa out in public as though she is his daughter. She is there when Hannibal has dinner with Will. Will comes to him one night begging for his help. ‘It’s beyond my power,’ he claims. Mischa hungers for things Will cannot give her. Mortal flesh.

This is how Hannibal becomes the Chesapeake Ripper. He falls in love with how Will dotes on Mischa. Will can apparently understand her despite their lack of shared language. Another thing Hannibal cannot explain. He finds himself caring less about the ‘how’. He stays.

He feeds his sister and loves the man that revived her. He still debunks Will’s show to avoid suspicion. Will lets him design a few tricks of his own. Hannibal has a wonderful imagination, too.

They make an odd family, but a good one. Hannibal can’t explain that.

He doesn’t care.

Chapter 38

Chapter Summary

Teasing Will, dom!Will, sub!Hannibal, frottage

Will teasing Hannibal with a hand in his hair, kissing his cheek, his jaw, his forehead, everywhere but his mouth. Hannibal is practically whining, pinned in place with Will in his lap, barely close enough for friction. His fingers twitch and curl, but he knows he can't touch.

Not yet, not until Will says so. He wants to be good, but he aches for more. His breathing is ragged, lips parted, wanting. Will pulls back, meets his eyes. Smirks, dimpled and proud. He leans in and kisses Hannibal's blush.

"You're being so good for me," he praises. Hannibal tries to smile but dares not move. His hips arch up just a little. Will allows it, so Hannibal does it again. Braver, again. Will merely arches a brow and watches him get off with the barest hint of friction. When he's done, stained and sweaty, Will finally kisses him properly.

"Good boy," he purrs, and kisses Hannibal again, swallowing his soft gasps and oversensitive moans. Will ruts against his spent cock and the stain of come, making Hannibal wince. But he's good, he wants to be good for Will. He stays still, as Will goes back to those teasing not-kisses.

He knows the night is far from over. He knows he will be brought to bed exhausted, limp, only made to lay there are take it.

He can't wait.

Chapter 39

Chapter Summary

Domestic murder husbands

Hannibal is composing quietly in the study, the soft scratching of his pen against paper along with the occasional trilling series of notes the only sound as he tests a melody. Will comes up behind him and rests his chin on top of Hannibal's head, arms loose around his shoulders.

Hannibal smiles and lifts one of Will's wrists to kiss his palm before letting him settle again. Will tilts so he can rest his cheek on Hannibal's head. "Is everything alright, my love?" Hannibal asks, when Will says and does nothing more.

Will merely hums. "Yes," he says. "I like listening to you play."

Hannibal's smile softens. "If you would like to sit and listen for a while, you're more than welcome."

The sound Will lets out barely skirts petulant. He kisses Hannibal's hair. "Can you play like this?" he asks, kneading Hannibal's chest.

"Of course," Hannibal replies immediately. He tilts his head up and Will surrenders his perch just long enough to kiss his forehead, before they correct themselves. Will closes his eyes as Hannibal begins to play, both of them swaying slowly, absently, as music fills the house.

Chapter 40

Chapter Summary

Domestic murder husbands, blowjobs

Hannibal is not panicking. He's not at all. But the oven isn't working and the roast isn't finished. Will is going to be home soon, it's their anniversary, and dinner won't be ready. He had a whole plan, a feast he hunted and prepared, special wine he's been brewing just for this, Will's favorite dessert, the whole nine yards.

The oven is warm but the food just isn't cooking right and he'll need to leave it in for at least another hour. Hannibal closes his eyes, despondent and resigned as he hears the door open and close. Will's strong arms wrap around him from behind and Will nuzzles his hair.

"Smells good," he rasps.

Hannibal sighs. "It's not ready yet," he replies, and turns his head. Will tilts his head, absorbing Hannibal's thinly-veiled distress. "I'm sorry. I wanted it to be ready for when you arrived."

Will blinks at him, and then smiles. "It's okay, sweetheart, I can wait." He cups Hannibal's cheek. "Why don't you come sit with me until it's done?"

Hannibal shakes his head. He needs to keep an eye on it and doesn't like the thought of failing. Will considers him, and his smile gets a little wider, showing Hannibal those dimples and small fangs he loves so much.

"Alright," he purrs, stepping closer and turning Hannibal around, bracing him against the counter. "We'll stay right here."

"Will," Hannibal gasps, as Will slowly sinks to his knees. Will shushes him, and gives Hannibal a promising look behind low lashes and messy hair. His fingers are deft as he unfastens Hannibal's suit pants and slides them down.

"I'm hungry, Hannibal," he says, his voice low. "You're not going to let me go hungry, are you?"

Hannibal swallows harshly. He winds his fingers through Will's thick hair, clenching when Will takes him out and starts to stroke. Languid, slow, savoring. Will hums, and takes Hannibal into his mouth with a soft moan. He sucks until Hannibal tenses, biting his lower lip, and spills down Will's throat right as the maintenance timer dings. Will makes a sound like it's the best thing he's ever tasted.

Will grins up at him, rises, and tucks him back in. "Perfect appetizer," he murmurs. Hannibal smiles, breathless. Will kisses him again and Hannibal leans into it, savoring the taste of himself on Will's tongue.

Will withdraws, a moment later, and gives him a sly smile. "I'm still hungry," he says.

"I'll bring it right out," Hannibal promises. He kisses Will one last time, before he turns away. The roast is finally ready and he smiles, amused and sated by Will's incredibly effective distraction.

His husband has always had an insatiable appetite. If the meal doesn't appease him, Hannibal is more than happy to take him to bed and spend the rest of the night satisfying every hunger he has.

Chapter 41

Chapter Summary

Post-fall, domestic fluff, dom!Will, sub!Hannibal

After the Fall, Will quickly realizes that Hannibal needs a routine to prevent himself getting stir crazy. He knows Hannibal is close to completely losing it, just like the strain gets more obvious the tighter a rubber band is stretched. Hannibal's mannerisms are virtually unchanged but Will knows him, deeper than bone.

So he makes a schedule, once Hannibal is healed enough to do most things on his own. He crafts it in private, away from Hannibal's restless, prying eyes, until it's ready. Then, he presents it, without a word.

Hannibal eyes it curiously, gaze darkening when he realizes what it is. His lips purse.

"Do you have any requests for adjustment?" Will asks, when he says nothing.

"I'm more curious as to its existence in the first place."

"Don't play coy. You can't enjoy pushing boundaries if there aren't any," Will replies mildly, arching a brow. Hannibal smiles, in that way he does when Will sees right through him. "Do you have any protests?"

"How will you enforce this?" Hannibal's voice, while steady, betrays his intrigue, his excitement. He has made it no secret that Will's reactions to him are just as exciting as anything he might do on his own.

"Deny pleasures, offer incentive as rewards," Will says. "Punish disobedience. Same as any animal." Hannibal hums. "Well?"

"What do you get out of this?"

Will smiles. If Hannibal expected to catch him off guard with the question, he ran away with the wrong man. "Controlling you. To see if I can. To see what you'll let me get away with," he murmurs. "And by enforcing your schedule, I maintain my own. We could use some routine."

He can tell Hannibal is curious. He's always curious.

"You start tonight," Will says, standing. "Clean up and come meet me in the study, and we'll begin." Hannibal is silent, so Will takes his chin and forces their eyes to meet. "You get one chance to protest. Now or never."

Hannibal smiles, kisses Will's wrist in answer, and stands to clear away their spots. Of course. It won't be seamless, Will is sure, but he's no stranger to Hannibal fighting him or trying to buck.

He's just another animal to tame, and Will is the best at handling monsters.

Chapter 42

Chapter Summary

Referenced switching, explicit Top!Hannibal, bottom!Will, orgasm denial

It almost exclusively happens when Hannibal tops. When Will is inside him, he's just as gluttonous and hedonistic. He would happily consume Will in whatever way he could for hours, the whole night, the whole day.

But when he's inside Will, when he has Will pinned to the bed, or in his lap riding him like he would rather be nowhere else, the most beautiful work of art Hannibal has ever had the pleasure of witnessing, he can't help himself.

He needs it, more than the animal lust, and the desire to have Will clench around his cock, to hear him moan and see how his eyes shine in post-orgasmic bliss. It is deeper than that, the need to know the primal satisfaction of pleasing his mate, to know Will is here, with him, wanting him, desperate for him. Relishing Hannibal like a feast made just for him to consume at his leisure.

And Will doesn't go slowly, either. He's a wild, unhinged creature in their bed, or in the study, or laid out on the altar of their dining table. His claws, his teeth, the way he arches and moans and clings with everything he has. Hannibal has never known desire, love, intimacy like this. He feels like he sees the heart of Will, the red center of him, a hue that perfectly matches the skin of his own monster.

He needs it, more than food or air or sunlight.

Will's self control is impeccable and maddening and fills Hannibal with awe. Will doesn't come until he's damn well ready no matter how hard or how well Hannibal fucks him. Will begged for Hannibal, once, and now he lives a life of reckonings where he begs right back. And he does. Happily. Readily.

He whispers praise to Will's neck, clutches his hair and his hips, his strong thighs, nails in the space between his ribs. Begs, soft 'Please's and mumbled half-English declarations of how beautiful Will is, how much Hannibal loves him. How much he wants to please Will, to satisfy him.

And when Will finally, finally, opens his eyes and looks at Hannibal and pulls him in for a kiss as every inch of him goes tense and clamps down hard, Hannibal loses everything that separates himself from his mate. They blend, merge, fall together.

Hannibal devours Will's whimpers, as Will swallows his own groaned sounds of relief. Still, this ravenous thing that loves him so much, clings to him and begs for more. Hannibal must give it, on pain of death, or worse, separation.

He could not survive that.

Thankfully, he will never have to.

Chapter 43

Chapter Summary

Post-fall angst & fluff

Hannibal regresses to selective mutism, after the Fall. Not often, but it's so jarring to Will that it takes him by surprise the first few times. So he fills the silences, speaking quietly about anything and everything, when Hannibal can't. He can tell Hannibal appreciates it.

When Hannibal looks ready to talk again, Will kisses his forehead, pets his hair with gentle hands, and whispers, "I love you."

"I love you," is usually the first thing Hannibal says, when he comes back. Will rewards him with a proper kiss when he does, and doesn't leave his side.

It's that part, he knows, that hits Hannibal hardest. His persistent presence. The constant reminder, with his voice, that Will is here. That Will chose to be here, and will remain for the rest of their lives.

Sometimes Hannibal goes quiet to remind himself of that, to force Will to speak. To promise, just by merit of being there and talking, that he will stay. It's one of those unspoken needs of Hannibal's that Will is all too happy to satisfy. It's one of the ways he can express his love when all else fails.

To simply be. Here, together. Forever.

Chapter 44

Chapter Summary

Angel Will

Will's wings are so neglected that they ache, and bruises spread out all along his back and arms. Hannibal sees them for the first time when in the hotel in Minnesota, and offers to groom them for Will. Hesitantly, Will accepts, and can't remember the last time something felt this good.

It takes hours and Will slips in and out of a feverish, delirious haze of pleasure, moaning roughly into the pillow as Hannibal carefully plucks the broken feathers, coats them with Will's oil, meticulously rids him of all the dirt, dog hair, buildup of dust and clumping fuzz.

By the end of it, Will is trembling. He's sobbing. He thanks Hannibal, hardly able to speak. Hannibal merely smiles, cups his cheek, and promises he will take care of Will. Every 'therapy' session is done with Hannibal's hands in Will's feathers, keeping them clean and perfect.

Will starts craving it, showing up at Hannibal's house at all hours like an addict jonesing for a fix. He can't sleep, they feel so dirty when Hannibal isn't cleaning them. Hannibal obliges, encouraging Will's dependence. It's not every day one captures an Angel, after all.

Chapter 45

Chapter Summary

Werewolf Hannibal, body horror/modification (not done by Hannigram)

They took his fucking teeth. Will's hands shake, entire soul burning with fury when he gently cups Hannibal's swollen jaw. Hannibal growls at him, ashamed and angry and ready to strike, even towards his beloved mate.

Will pushes Hannibal's lips apart, revealing the holes where his enlarged canine fangs should be. He chokes on a harsh, violently enraged sound. Hannibal looks up at him, eyes reddened with the aftereffects of the full moon.

"Could you find them again if you needed to?" Will whispers. Hannibal winces, his jaw clenches. He nods. "Good."

Hannibal's eyes widen as Will rolls up his sleeve, exposing vulnerable skin. Hannibal may have lost his fangs, but he still has claws. "Do it," Will commands. He kneels, and cups Hannibal's nape. "I'll kill them all. I'll get them back." Hannibal's smile is closed-lipped, but oh, it is so very wide. He takes Will's wrist, kisses his pulse. He can't bite, not properly, not enough to break skin. His claws are still sharp. Will doesn't flinch. He smiles, eager, cruel, already feeling the burn of werewolf poison running through him.

The change is awful, the first time. It's painful, and not everyone survives. Will has never feared death, but separating from Hannibal, that is something he could not bear. Now, the risk is worth it. He will rise from these ashes, find those who hurt his mate and make them repay this blood debt one thousand times over. Until there is no sound, no memory, but their throats in his mouth, their blood in his fur, their screams in his ears.

He'll reclaim what they stole. He'll figure out how to give Hannibal his bite back. Then their true reckoning will be unleashed.

He kisses Hannibal deeply, mindful of his sore mouth but too desperate to stop. Hannibal answers him, rumbling, still lost in the mutism of his animal mind.

But Will understands. He knows. "Soon," he promises, his eyes closing. Hannibal embraces him, to keep him warm while Will's body navigates the change. It comes with blood and screams, hoarse and ragged. Hannibal nuzzles, licks, pets him through it, as Will sobs and tears at his own skin until he no longer has fingers to do it with.

Hannibal takes over, his claws easily shredding the last of Will's humanity. The moon has set, but the first change will keep Will a wolf for a day or so until she rises again. That's plenty of

time. Hannibal's eyes are dark, shining when he first gazes upon Will as a wolf.

"Beautiful," he rasps, breathless. Will bares his fangs in a proud, wrathful smile. Hannibal kisses his bloodied forehead, pets his sleek black fur. Then, he stands, and wordlessly leads the way, back from whence he came, where the hunters are. Will prowls beside him, tall enough that Hannibal's fingers can touch and cup his shoulder.

He knows this hunt will be their greatest triumph yet, and if his soul burned with outrage before, now it is blazing bright with anticipation, with the need to conquer and kill, to destroy and avenge.

When it is done, they will feast. They will thrive. This is their design.

Chapter 46

Chapter Summary

Post-fall. Murder husbands, heavily implied ace Will

"Don't get up. Stay... Stay right there." Will hasn't seen Hannibal in six days. Six of the longest days of his life. They haven't been more than a room away from each other since the Fall.

Will lingers at the threshold as Hannibal's fingers curl, but he obediently remains in place. Will watches him, searches.

He sighs, and comes closer. Hannibal's head tilts up in readiness, eyes shining in the low light. Will tenderly, gently, touches a single fingertip to his jaw.

He stares. Hannibal is unblinking.

"I can *feel* how much you want to kiss me," Will whispers. It rakes along his skin like nails. It makes his stomach clench around its own emptiness. Will doesn't eat nearly as well without Hannibal feeding him.

Hannibal's lips quirk. "I'm afraid, my darling Will, that when you crept over the walls of my mind, and wandered the halls, you forgot to lock the door behind you." Will wants to roll his eyes at the metaphor. He wants to sink into Hannibal's lap and let himself be kissed.

But he's not sure if that desire is his or Hannibal's. That's the problem.

For Will, sex is reactionary. If someone wants to fuck him badly enough, Will lets them. His empathy allows him to absorb their desires and forget. He can pretend, for a moment, that he is directly involved and not merely a mirror.

When he's alone, clarity returns. He doesn't know if he wants Hannibal, or if he wants Hannibal because Hannibal wants him. Hannibal is not something he can simply reflect. Pieces, like mirror shards, embed themselves in his skull and on his tongue, making it sharp.

Will considers this man, this monster, this beast that has been, somehow, leashed by Will's hand. Willingly. Since the Fall, Hannibal has never touched him without explicit invitation, but can Will invite him when he's speaking to a reflection, and the monster is already inside the house?

His head tilts. "Could you?" he whispers. Hannibal hums, lashes lowering for a moment. "Lock the door behind me? Trap me in your skull?"

Hannibal's smile widens. "I could," he purrs. Will swallows. "Would you like me to?"

"I don't know," Will confesses. "I don't know what it would mean. To just...be. With you."

Hannibal nods, like this makes perfect sense.

He looks up in askance, and Will forces himself to nod. To keep his eyes open as Hannibal cups his hand, pushes Will's palm flat to Hannibal's jaw. He wants to pull away. Or does he? Hannibal doesn't want him to. It's hard to tell which desire, which impulse, belongs to who.

Hannibal presses no closer, moves no further. He lets Will rest, assess, evaluate. He stares. Will needs him to stare. He needs Hannibal to need Will to let him stare. It all swirls around and Will's fingers curl.

"You are not in a cage, Will," Hannibal says.

The implicit lack of expectation, the freedom, the sheer acceptance overwhelms him. His other hand gravitates, mirrors his first, cupping Hannibal's face.

"Close your eyes," he barely has time to say, before he bends down and kisses. Hannibal obeys him, static. Not shocked, but he doesn't want to startle, to press. Will kisses him and it feels like -.

Well, it feels like coming home. It feels like he's been away for six fucking days. Hannibal's eyes, hidden from him, Will still feels his need, but it's held in check. Hannibal can control himself, which means...Will isn't mirroring. He can't capture smoke. He can't reflect a void.

Because Hannibal can hide, Will can pretend there's nothing in the room but him. He is alone in Hannibal's mind, and hates it.

He slides his hands to Hannibal's hair and tugs, pushes forward and climbs into Hannibal's lap. "Open your eyes," he breathes. Hannibal obeys immediately, and Will is lost in the answering wave. God, they're going to build on each other. They will detonate and destroy the whole fucking world.

Will kisses him. "Lock me in," he begs.

Hannibal shivers, and does just that. Will *hears* the door close, and lock, the key tossed to the bottom of the ocean. Hannibal's strong arms wrap around him & pull him close.

"You're sure," Hannibal whispers.

Will nods, resting their foreheads together. "Yes."

Hannibal smiles.

Chapter 47

Chapter Summary

Omegaverse, heat fic, ace Alpha!Hannibal, Omega!Will

Ace Alpha Hannibal, mated to Omega Will. Will goes into heat and retreats to his nest in Wolf Trap, so Hannibal doesn't have to smell him. Hannibal comes anyway. He kneels beside Will as Will touches himself, swinging between begging for Hannibal & apologizing for his neediness.

Hannibal soothes him with gentle kisses to his sweaty hair. He cooks for Will, makes sure he stays hydrated and fed. He tells Will that he is beautiful, praises him for taking the fake knots so well. He holds Will when Will sleeps.

When it's over, Will hunts for his mate to show his appreciation. He apologizes for anything he might have said that would make Hannibal uncomfortable. His mate is so sweet. Hannibal merely smiles and kisses Will's neck, breathes in the lingering scent of his heat. Tells Will that, while Hannibal doesn't feel any sexual pull, he is a great admirer of beautiful things. And Will, in heat, lovely with need, trembling and red, the show of his submission and his vulnerability, his trust - it is the most beautiful thing in the world to Hannibal.

They spend the next day in bed, trading the occasional tender kiss and tired nuzzle. Hannibal doesn't sleep whenever Will is in heat, so they both need the rest. Hannibal massages Will's sore neck, and finally, when it's truly finished, he bites Will to soothe that last unmet need.

It's not clinical, it's done with love, mutual respect, and admiration. He holds Will tightly, wraps Will in his arms and the messy blankets forming his nest, and purrs for his mate. Will in heat is the most beautiful sight. Will's smile, lazy and sated, when he hears Hannibal's purr, sits in second place.

Chapter 48

Chapter Summary

Post-fall murder husbands fluff, mild miscommunication

"When did you stop counting?"

The question is met with silence, and deep confusion.

"Stop counting?" Hannibal echoes, and Will nods. "I never have."

Will stares, incredulous. "Seriously?" he says, and laughs. "You remember every single one?"

Confusion melts into something closer to insult. "Of course," Hannibal says. "Each and every one remade me. They still do. I am unmoored, and swept away every time."

Will stares.

"I'm...surprised," he murmurs, struck and stymied by the ardent heat in Hannibal's eyes. Hannibal's head tilts. "I never thought you considered them special. Not by this point, anyway."

Hannibal's expression does not change, but Will knows he's getting close to the edge of what Hannibal considers civility. "Why would you think that?" he asks, as close to a harsh, hurt rasp as Will can get him. But not just insulted. Hannibal looks distressed.

Will frowns and approaches him. "It's just...you've done it so much," he says. He touches Hannibal's face and sits beside him on the couch. Hannibal doesn't blink. "So often. I wondered if they blurred."

"Not often enough, it seems," Hannibal replies, and turns and cups Will's skull, and kisses him deeply. Will's startled gasp quickly turns into a moan, as Hannibal's fingers tighten in his hair. "I will do it a thousand more times, tonight alone, and remember each and every one."

That makes Will pause. He pulls back, breathing hard, and frowns. Hannibal's eyes drop to his lips. Will understands, and then he laughs when he *understands*.

"Hannibal," he says with utmost fondness. "I meant killing. When did you stop counting your pigs?"

Hannibal blinks and meets his eyes. "Oh."

They both laugh at the ridiculousness of that misunderstanding. "In my twenties, I think. You're right, they did begin to blur after a while." Will nods, his curiosity sated.

Then, he blushes at the implication of the rest, and looks down.

Unmoored. Remade. Swept away.

"You remember every kiss?"

"Every one." Hannibal takes his hand. "Every kiss. Every touch, every hitch in your breath, stutter of your heart. Every time I have brought you to tears, every time I have made you laugh." Will's cheeks turn red and Hannibal's smile widens. He kisses Will's knuckles. "Every blush."

Will smiles, biting his lower lip. He squeezes Hannibal's hand. "Me too."

His eyes shine. "No blur?"

"No blur," Will confirms, and stands. "Come with me. I want to remember a thousand more."

Hannibal doesn't need to be asked twice.

Chapter 49

Chapter Summary

Omegaverse where everyone has anosmia until they meet their True Mates

Hannibal can suddenly smell things, but Will wears scent deadening stuff because he doesn't want to meet his mate and start smelling dead bodies, cue a bunch of confused hopeful Alpha sniffing.

And Will becomes very quickly and very painfully aware of how fucking good Hannibal smells, and that he actually...quite likes the scent of blood, too. And food. And the stream where he fishes. And his own slick which he can't control whenever Hannibal is around.

Knowing Hannibal can smell it too. Knowing Hannibal is the *only* person who can smell it. Scent-marking so obviously and brazenly. Leading Hannibal on chases....

Also Will can no longer hide how turned on he gets when analyzing crime scenes when Hannibal is around, Hannibal can smell how slick he gets especially when it’s a Ripper kill.

Chapter 50

Chapter Summary

> Referenced underage (young Will with others in high school era), sad slut Will feelings, homophobia

Will Graham's oral game is fucking stellar because he grew up as the new kid in school in the Bible belt, where the girls insisted it was okay as long as he didn't use his dick and the guys said it's not gay if there's no eye contact.

Because sex is too intimate, especially when he's younger. Because he wants to wrap himself up in the person he's with and use them until there's no noise in his head anymore. Because he can't help but see them, what they want, what they need.

Because he gets addicted to the satisfied sighs the prom queen gives him and the way she pets his hair as he catches his breath against her thigh. Because the shy kid in the back of his math class doesn't mince words, just puts Will on his knees.

Because the better he is, the more he practices, the more he gets to do it. The more he makes people happy, the more there's a chance that maybe he'll be remembered by someone for more than being poor and weird. Because he likes it. Because he gets to use his teeth. Sometimes.

Chapter 51

Chapter Summary

> Omegaverse, minor watersports & somnophilia, thigh fucking, breeding kink/mpreg, omega!bottom!Will, alpha!top!Hannibal, established relationship, heat/rut

It's Hannibal's second day of rut. Normally, for Alphas, ruts last for a few hours, just long enough for several good knots before they calm down.

Hannibal has never been a 'normal' Alpha.

Will is exhausted. Hannibal doesn't let him sleep, let alone eat, or even get up to use the bathroom. The bed is absolutely filthy with every body fluid they're capable of producing, Will's gone in and out of consciousness a few times by now, and Hannibal wont *stop*.

Will winces, gritting his teeth and fisting the sheets as Hannibal digs his nails between Will's ribs, like he intends to use the bones themselves as his handholds. Will's shoulders are so badly bruised and welted, a canvas of bite marks and scratches where Hannibal has kept him down or hobbled Will with his teeth. Hannibal's thrusts stutter, slowing. It hurts so much, and Will whines when he feels Hannibal trying to work his knot in. Will is far too swollen, he'll tear if Hannibal keeps trying.

"Please," he rasps, reaching back to try and shove Hannibal off him. "Please, Hannibal - Alpha, just..."

Hannibal snarls, too out of it to even notice as Will shifts his position, just enough that Hannibal slips out of him and between Will's tense, bruised thighs. Will immediately reaches down to fist his knot, mimicking the normal tight grip of his body. He's certainly wet enough here too, between the slick, blood, his own urine and come.

Hannibal purrs, shuddering as he fucks Will's thighs and fists, nuzzling his soaking wet hair, biting down on the arch of his ear as he comes. His hands release Will's ribs, allowing him to breathe, and wrap around Will's shoulders instead.

Hannibal relaxes.

Foolishly, Will does as well.

He's startled awake by the painful stretch of Hannibal forcing his cock back inside Will, brutal and rough. His plaintive noises only spur Hannibal on. He will not be denied his right to try breeding Will as much as possible a second time. Hannibal takes Will's wrists and holds them tight in one hand, his other on Will's hip to hold him still, as he groans and ruts and wrings yet another orgasm from both of them.

When Hannibal goes limp, it's with his whole weight, and for the first time in two days Will feels lips at his neck instead of just fangs.

He hums tiredly, weak and exhausted and so sore, like he's been hit by a train. Twice.

He turns his head and submits to his Alpha's meek, lingering kisses. Hannibal's chagrin at Will's rough treatment, at his own lack of control, feels like nails on his spine.

"Stop it," Will murmurs, nuzzling his mate again.

Hannibal huffs, his eyes dark, smile fond. He kisses Will's sore shoulder and takes one of Will's hands, lacing their fingers and resting them low on Will's stomach. "Do you think...this time?"

Still in the afterglow of rut, he's not as verbal as normal. Or perhaps he's too scared to actually voice the question. Will lets him have his armor, for now. It's a sensitive subject, one they dare not hope for until it happens.

Still, he smiles, and nuzzles Hannibal again.

"If not, we'll just try again next month," he replies. Hannibal's arms tighten around him, he buries his face in the nape of Will's neck, and purrs.

It'll be a while before they can move. Hannibal is still locked, Will is exhausted and probably unable to walk, so they're going to be stuck in this filthy bed for a while.

That's okay. Will runs his free hand through Hannibal's hair, closes his eyes, and settles down to rest.

Chapter 52

Chapter Summary

> Aromantic Hannibal and Will acknowledge the Obligatory Romance Day: a shortfic by a very tired aro.

Given that Hannibal needs neither permission nor an excuse to go all out for a holiday, it genuinely surprises Will when he wakes up and finds no string of rose petals, no ridiculous array of handmade chocolates, no unending parade of gifts and handwritten sonnets and declarations of love.

Instead, the day happens like any other. Will has no strong feelings about this day in particular, aside from the fact that he often used it as an excuse to binge on candy and junk food, just like Halloween.

Equally horrifying, he used to joke to Jack who would glower at him like he did when Will said something Unfunny and Weird.

Hannibal is...on edge, though. Enough that Will picks up on it, enough that it makes him feel tense as well. Should he have done something? Hannibal is prone to the romantic in the classic definition - the passionate, the whimsical, meant to inspire great emotional response. Did he want Will to make some kind of overture?

Does he feel guilty that he didn't?

"Hannibal," Will says, when he can't take it anymore but has no idea what the answer is, either. He doesn't want to act for risk of tugging his beloved monster in the wrong direction. Hannibal loves him, but even the most loyal dogs will show their teeth when cornered.

Hannibal looks up, from his place on the couch, a book in his hand in a language Will doesn't know. Will nudges the spine of the book until Hannibal sets it to one side, and then perches on the armrest beside him. He doesn't crowd Hannibal in or pin him down, nor does he force eye contact.

Yet, when he settles, he feels Hannibal's weight rest against his thigh. He smiles, and combs his fingers through Hannibal's hair, guiding it away from his face, tucking the longer curl of it behind his ear.

"Do you not want to acknowledge it, or should I have done something?" Will asks. "This is a learning opportunity, not a judgement."

Hannibal sighs. "I don't appreciate what it has been deformed into," he replies. "The commercial, the obligatory." HIs nose wrinkles in distaste. "Mass produced with no artistry

or substance. The same way one might excuse a week of coldness when given a single embrace."

Will considers that. "Shallow," he murmurs, and feels Hannibal nod against his thigh. "...And singular. All roads lead to Rome." Hannibal hums. "Am I cold to you?"

"No, Will, that's the point. This day is a day like any other. I love you as much as I did yesterday and as much as I will tomorrow. To timestamp it like a checklist, as though it is something one must do to prove that one is in love, is a notion I detest."

Will takes that in, too. "Because it's romantic, or because it's not unique?" he asks. Whether Hannibal cannot answer, or doesn't care to, he doesn't respond. "The cards and heart-shaped everything is pretty overdone," he concedes.

He says it teasingly, hoping to ease some of the tension in Hannibal's shoulder, where his palm now rests. Will finally turns, and bends down, cupping Hannibal's face so that he can lift his head and Will can kiss him. "Now I know."

"I apologize if you expected something -."

"Hannibal." Will laughs, and nudges their noses together. "I never expect another day with you." Hannibal knows what he means by that. The fact that they are both alive, and healthy enough, and still can stand the sight of each other is a miracle.

"Still, I suppose it's...abnormal."

"You do have a penchant for performing," Will teases again, his smile widening when he sees Hannibal's eyes crinkle at the corners. "But I don't need anything, I didn't expect anything, and now I know you don't, either." He cups Hannibal's face again, with both hands, and kisses his forehead. "Would you like to come to bed with me?"

Hannibal loops an arm around Will's waist, lips barely forming a pout before he schools his expression.

Will laughs, and slides down onto the couch beside him instead, an arm on the back of the couch and keeping Hannibal pinned to his side. He nudges Hannibal's jaw, and rests his cheek on Hannibal's shoulder, smiling when the book returns to his lap.

Hannibal turns, to place a kiss on the top of Will's head. He breathes in, then out, and goes back to reading. Will closes his eyes, more than happy to let this day pass. Hopefully the first of many, many more.

Chapter 53

Chapter Summary

> BDSM Hannigram post-fall, aftercare, bondage mention, bleeding mention, collaring mention, touch starvation, sub Will / Dom Hannibal, Dom drop.

Will catches Hannibal staring, one uneventful afternoon among many, where the sun is bright, the breeze lazy and cool, and the hours are spent whiled away in domestic bliss, the two of them free to finally enjoy and adore every facet of the other without fear of outsiders looking in.

Every facet. One, Will toyed with on the edge of his consciousness but never allowed himself to touch, for fear of collapsing beneath the sheer *all* of it. His desire to be hurt, to be tied up and tortured and teased. To place himself upon the altar of a predator's tongue and let it devour him.

With Hannibal, as with everything that matters, he needs not fear himself. Hannibal takes everything Will offers, his appetite ferocious and unending, for Will's cries and pleas. As in all things, Hannibal's desire to care for Will, to be the *only* one caring for Will, is more than willing to step up and provide.

So he watches Hannibal staring. At his wrists, specifically, the bruises and rope burn stark since the day is hot enough to wear short sleeves and Will has no intention of leaving the house. Hannibal concocts salves himself, things that help with pain and stop infection but do nothing for coverage or healing, so that the marks linger.

He's staring. Will searches for pride, for desire, for satisfaction and contentment in the flavors of Hannibal's emotions, but finds none. Instead, hesitance. Concern. Perhaps his newest salve was an experiment and he's not pleased with the results. Perhaps he's searching for the places Will pulled and twisted too hard and bled.

Hannibal doesn't like it when Will bleeds by accident.

Whatever it is, discontent radiates from him, restless and prickly on the back of Will's tongue. Will knows it's not focused at him - it's an inward upset, the same way Hannibal might feel if Will didn't like his cooking, or found a speck of dust in a room Hannibal had just cleaned.

Self-doubt and irritation are rare things in Hannibal Lecter. Things that Will, uniquely, seems capable of conjuring in him. By this point Will is certain Hannibal knows he's been caught staring, but he hasn't moved.

Will wets his lips. In the early days, in the back of his mind, huge emotional drops plagued him after their harder scenes, long hours where he'd felt like he'd die if Hannibal didn't touch him, or where shame clawed up the back of his throat and choked him until Hannibal was there to kiss the knots away.

It is not impossible, Will thinks, that Hannibal feels the same sort of thing. Some cruel mockery of desire that turns the beautiful ugly in the light of day. That haunts the mind like ghosts and bad memories, that must, must, *must* be soothed.

"Sir." His voice is croaky, he hasn't talked much today. Selective mutism and an inclination to be overwhelmed by sound hold each other's hands as often as Will and Hannibal do.

Hannibal's eyes snap up, sharpening as surely as a glass shard. The emotional toll his drop took on his face is quickly curtained away and hidden. Will breathes in, and gives chase.

"Would you mind...putting more salve on?" he asks, touching the fingertips of one hand oh-so-gently to one of the larger welts on the inside of his opposite wrist. Hannibal stands immediately, going to the cabinet where he keeps them. Will follows, and nuzzles Hannibal's shoulder as he opens and searches. Instead of letting Hannibal turn, he wraps his arms around him and holds his wrists out for inspection and treatment.

Hannibal relaxes, by increments, as he rubs the thick paste into Will's skin and over his marks. He hums contentedly, placing lazy kisses over Hannibal's shoulder and smoothing them with his cheek. His wrists didn't hurt to begin with, but now they're almost numb, the same way Will's skull feels after a good beating.

"Thank you," he says, when he hears the jar being set back down. He steps back so Hannibal can turn and look at him, and comes right back, foreheads touching before he puts his cheek on Hannibal's shoulder again. "It felt so good, last night. You take such good care of me."

Hannibal trembles. His breath leaves like it was punched out of him. Will just hugs him tighter, so those snake-like coils of shame and self-doubt don't have room to rise. A moment passes, then another, and then Hannibal embraces him in turn, his nose in Will's hair and his hand gentle on the back of Will's neck, where there are more bruises, thin and straight in the shape of his collar.

They stand there for a long time, long enough for Will to get a little floaty just from the scent of the salve and Hannibal in his nose, but that's okay, he'd be perfectly fine just holding Hannibal until Will's gratitude and affection are physical imprints on his skin, just like Hannibal's are, physical, on Will's.

Hannibal kisses his cheek, and sighs. "Thank you, Will," he murmurs.

Will hums. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I think... Just this, will do for now."

Will smiles and nods, tilting his head for another kiss. Hannibal laughs lowly and gives him one, hand still absently rubbing Will's nape, still breathing him in, still letting Will crush him

in a hug because Will won't let go until he's asked to. Even if it takes all night. There's nowhere else he'd rather be.

Chapter 54

Chapter Summary

> Dom drop, Dom Hannibal / sub Will, established relationship, collars, bondage, sadomasochism

Hannibal has been on edge all day. He feels it like a change in weather affects the bones, a shiver under his skin that makes the world seem a little too brash and hectic for his liking.

As someone who has made it a matter of survival to filter out unwanted stimulus, the lack of ability to is jarring, leaving him feeling unmoored and out of balance.

He attempts to hide it from Will, which is as much habit as it is foolish. They have dinner and converse and Hannibal even manages one of his more terrible puns, earning a smile from his beloved.

But when dinner is done and it's time to clean up, Will follows Hannibal into the kitchen. This isn't abnormal, but with how Hannibal is feeling, it's not exactly welcome - and *that* is abnormal. He doesn't like the notion that he would ever devolve enough to not want Will's companionship.

Will helps him with dishes, for a time. Hannibal must be putting more unfriendly energy into the room than he intended, because Will stops halfway through and clears his throat.

"I need a minute," he murmurs. Hannibal's stomach clenches with guilt; another wholly foreign and undesirable emotion. Will's empathy can't ignore the tension lingering in the room. "I'll be right back."

He leaves. Hannibal sighs, and continues his task. As he's finishing up Will comes back into the room. There's nothing different about his appearance...

Except there is.

Hannibal sees it, like an aura around him. The slope of his shoulders, the way he walks, the way he keeps his head down. The coy, suggestive way his fingers grace his own neck.

Will approaches, and offers him a small smile. "It's been a while, hasn't it?"

Hannibal frowns.

Will takes his hand and brings it to his neck. Down, below his shirt. Hannibal sucks in a breath when he feels Will's day collar, the thin black leather sitting snugly around the hollow of his throat. His fingers curl.

Abruptly, just from that one touch, Hannibal's chest tightens, and he is overcome with a terrible yearning. To take this beautiful, trusting creature and see him on his knees. To wrap him in rope and leather and beat him black and blue, until he cries. Will is so beautiful when he cries.

It has been a long time, he realizes. Almost two weeks. They've been busy, or absent, or both. Conflicting schedules and late nights and end-of-year essays to grade. No time to shed their skins and howl.

Hannibal shifts his hand, holding Will's jaw tight enough to white out his skin. Will practically sags, already so eager to drop to his knees.

"What will you let me do?" Hannibal asks. This, this is what he's been craving. What he's been missing. Will has shown symptoms of it before, from the other end - the desire to be beaten and then held, taken out of his head then lovingly pieced back together. Hannibal's need is similar, complementary; the need to seize Will's trust and desire to serve, and use it as he sees fit. To be the one Will needs to break him open. To see how lovely Will is when there's nothing left of him but freedom to express himself exactly as he pleases.

Will smiles, and sinks to his knees. He touches Hannibal's belly, then his hips, a look of such stark worship on his face that Hannibal is humbled to the bone.

"Anything, Sir," he replies. He always promises anything. Everything.

Hannibal loves him so very much.

He smiles, pushing the hair back from Will's forehead to reveal his long, thin white scar. Will's lashes flutter at the touch, already losing himself to it.

Finally, his skin stops crawling. Finally, everything feels right again.

Chapter 55

Chapter Summary

zombie apocalypse AU, different first meeting, nursing back to health

Will in an apocalypse scenario who travels with a pack of dogs that are trained as guards, warning systems, and an attack force - and he also has a chain of zombies he cut the arms and jaws off as added protection. People assume they're random zombies he came across.

They're not. Will meets a lot of shitty people on the road and kills without compunction. The only exception he ever makes is Doctor Lecter, who lives under Jack's protection in a settlement outside Quantico. Will refuses to get too close to the gates, fearing recruitment or worse.

But Hannibal has medicine and helped Will when one of his dogs got sick, and the nearest stores had all been pilfered. Will knows Hannibal is not a good person - no one is, these days. But he's useful and friendly and always has enough food for Will and his dogs.

Will wouldn't ever admit it, but he looks forward to his routine rendezvouses with the odd Doctor. Will makes frequent trips to the ocean, or further inland, basically anywhere but There, for supplies. and does his best to bring things back for Hannibal when he can.

He makes a point never to stay longer than two nights. Not only because supplies and that much food are hard to come by, but because he knows if he stays too long, he won't be able to leave. Hannibal won't let him leave. Will won't want to.

One day, one of Will's dogs arrives without his packmates and without Will. Hannibal immediately borrows one of Quantico's horses and rides out with the animal, to find Will feverish and clearly very ill. He's let his zombie chain go, or lost them, and only has his dogs as his guard.

They are loyal animals, keeping everything at bay, but they recognize good old Doctor Lecter, and allow him to hoist Will onto the horse and carry him back to his home outside the Quantico settlement. Will is barely conscious, but seems aware that Hannibal is the one carrying him.

Hannibal nurses him back to health. Will fights him whenever he's strong enough to. "I know," he slurs, "I know what you feed me. I know what you do and what you are." But he accepts the water and soup and medicine, the cold compresses and warm fire. He doesn't have a choice.

Will recovers, slowly, but he is still very fatigued. He tells Hannibal he had nightmares about waking up with his legs gone, roasting on the fire, so that he wouldn't leave. Hannibal merely smiles and says he thought about doing so.

"Why not, then?" Will asks.

His voice is quiet, not afraid. Whatever emotions he's had around Hannibal, it has never been fear.

"I'd rather you choose to stay," Hannibal answers. "I have no interest in keeping a pet. I don't have the compassion required for that."

That makes Will smile.

He leaves as soon as he's healthy enough, finding new armless and jawless companions, and taking his dogs with him. But he doesn't leave for as long, this time. He stays a little longer, next time.

And the next time.

And the next.

Chapter 56

Chapter Summary

> omegaverse, somnophilia that I deem consensual in a long-standing agreement but not explicitly given here, kneading, bottom!Will, top!Hannibal

Hannibal stirs at the sound of a soft whine. He breathes in, still halfway to the waking world, his senses flooded with Will beside him.

Will, trembling in place, every muscle tensed up and locked as though he's a prey animal desperately hoping the predator prowls by him. A soft whine escapes him, luring Hannibal all the way to full consciousness as he registers Will's pre-heat scent, sweet and tempting.

He rolls to his side and plasters himself to Will's back, instinctively seeking his mate's throat. Will whines quietly again, knowing he's been found, even though his dream and pre-heat-addled mind is still not quite aware. Hannibal puts a hand on Will's hip, and smiles.

"Hush, darling," he rasps, nuzzling the sweaty hair from Will's nape and planting a kiss to his pulse. Will's heart stutters under his lips, his breath catching as he senses Hannibal near him. Not some nameless, faceless threat. Rather, the Devil he knows. The Devil he loves.

Heat makes Will sweet and pliant for days at a time, but there is something particularly delicious about Will when he's also asleep. How quiet and unsure and needy he gets, blind and seeking protection, a kind touch, a soft word to ease his stress. It's warm in the nest, and they're both naked, knowing that after a certain point clothes become a hindrance, a casualty of war when claws and teeth turn sharp. Will's thighs and lower back are soaked from the puddle of slick he's made already, staining the sheets and the air with his scent.

Hannibal continues to nuzzle him, calming him with gentle rumbles and soft kisses as Will's tremors eventually subside. He's burning hot and sweating, a wonderful salty taste to his flushed skin that only makes him smell sweeter, and makes Hannibal's mouth water.

His stomach tenses in answer to a powerful wave of lust, a simple, primal response to his Omega, shaking and whimpering and making the most desperate, pitiful sounds. There is an ache in Hannibal, to ease his mate's suffering, that he cannot and never would ignore.

He drags his nails across Will's hip, ignoring his mate's cock and instead flattening a hand on Will's belly, pulling him deeper and tighter into Hannibal's embrace. Will sighs shakily, tilting his head to give Hannibal more skin to taste, kiss, and nuzzle. He does, readily.

They learned the hard way that Will is often in pain during his pre-heat. It wasn't this bad before they mated, but now his body knows and craves the touch of its Alpha, the bone-deep

relief that can only come by an orgasm at Hannibal's touch. Nothing else compares, he'd said.

Nothing else felt so *good* as Hannibal inside him, pinning him down, making him *take it.* Even when he's sore, even when he's exhausted. Even when he's not awake. His body knows. Together, they can make the pain stop. Will flinches when Hannibal pushes two fingers inside him.

Another soft whine escapes him, entire body curving to press back but still keep his neck in reach. His hands fidget in front of him, kneading impatiently at the nest edge and bracing himself to fuck back with more intent. Hannibal would kill to know how his beloved's brain interprets this kind of stimuli. If he's imagining Hannibal, or some formless mass that still smells of home and love and *danger*. If the pain of unsatisfied pre-heat conjures motifs of daggers and bloodshed, or thirst, or dire hunger. If it even feels good, the first time.

Will has always been an eager lover. Being trusted to make it all better, to work through the pain into pure pleasure, is a gift Hannibal never knew the value of until he and Will bonded. Until he saw the tears in Will's eyes, the stricken look on his Omega's face when he begged.

Delicious, delightful, beautiful boy. Hannibal says as much, whispering praise into Will's ear as he curls his fingers to mimic a knot and languidly fucks Will with them, giving him the pressure and fullness his body so desperately craves. "H-Hannibal..." It's slurred.

It's quiet and barely coherent and Hannibal's jaws ache from clenching too hard, from resisting the urge to bite Will bloody and rouse him from slumber. "I'm here, darling," he whispers instead, his other hand pressed to Will's forehead as Will clings to his arm like a pillow.

"Please," Will groans, hoarse and ragged. He flinches again when Hannibal presses another finger in, slick pouring out around the seal, Will's body soaking wet and growing tense again. "Please, Hannibal, please, please, please..." Outside of pre-heat and heat, bringing Will to orgasm takes more work, more stimuli and careful attention - that is, when Hannibal is in the mindset to fling him right over the edge. That's a rare occurrence. He does so love Will when he's sobbing from being edged and promising anything in exchange for mercy.

But like this, delirious in dreamland and high on hormones, it's so, so easy. Will goes completely still a moment before he comes, adding yet more mess to the ruined nest, slick and come and sweat everywhere as he moans and writhes in Hannibal's arms. Hannibal smiles proudly, smug at how easily he managed to soothe and sate his mate. His own arousal thrums low in his belly, his own cock hard and leaking against the back of Will's slick thigh.

He pulls his fingers out, and pushes Will's legs just a little further apart. Will whines for him, bracing himself against the nest as Hannibal prowls over his mate's lax, warm body and presses his entire weight on Will. "Hush," he coaxes, when Will cries out and tenses again, as Hannibal forces his cock inside his Omega. So warm, and wet, so deliciously pliant and needy.

Will bares his throat and tiredly paws at Hannibal's hair, eyes still closed, only making exhausted, sweet little noises as Hannibal starts to fuck him - lazy, slow, but deep thrusts, casually using Will as though he were little more than a living doll.

"Alpha," Will whines.

Hannibal closes his eyes, planting one hand on Will's shoulder to keep him down, the other on the nest. He rears up and puts his thighs outside Will's, keeping him pinned perfectly so he won't fight back even if he should wake and try to move. An Omega in heat is pure submission, and no Alpha worth anything would lose control of them when they're at their weakest, when they need a steady, guiding hand the most.

Will startles awake when Hannibal knots him, gasping and shuddering as Hannibal grinds his knot as deep as possible, Will's second orgasm like an afterthought.

"Hannibal," he says, like a question, tilting his head as Hannibal leans back down and rubs their cheeks together.

"I'm here, darling," Hannibal says again, closing his eyes and basking in the scent of himself on Will, of Will's entire being protected and lovingly crushed beneath his weight. He falls silent, relishing the feeling of his come soaking Will's insides, warm and thick and relentlessly milked by Will's clenching muscles. He nuzzles Will's hair and kisses below his ear, releasing Will's nape so he can wrap both arms below Will's shoulders and give his Omega something to hold onto.

Will does, fingers lacing with Hannibal's, holding him back just as tightly as he's able. Will sighs, going lax, prepared to wait out Hannibal's knot like the good, obedient, patient Omega he rarely is outside of heat.

Hannibal's knot goes down a few minutes later, allowing him to slip out of Will. He squeezes Will tightly and kisses his shoulder before rolling them both onto their sides again. Will reaches for one of the blankets, throwing it over both of their bodies.

He sighs, petting the back of Hannibal's hands, up his wrists, happy to be held while they wait to see if sleep will claim him again, or if he's awake for the day. Hannibal wouldn't mind either way – he relishes every moment with Will.

Finally, Will swallows, and blinks rapidly before rubbing sleep from his eyes. "It hurts," he confesses, making Hannibal frown. He has painkillers, of course, and access to various herbal remedies to help with an upset stomach or mild physical distress, but there's only one thing that can fix this kind of pain. Heat is one of the joys of life, that is as equally cruel as it is beautiful and wonderful.

Will sighs quietly, turning in Hannibal's arms so their eyes can meet. He leans in and tucks his nose beneath Hannibal's jaw, and purrs softly when Hannibal lowers a hand to rub over his come-stained, tense stomach.

He's not in heat yet, so he can't give Hannibal the hormonal surge required for a faster recovery time that is necessary for Alphas to keep up during. If they were both younger, perhaps. All Hannibal can do is soothe Will as best he can until he's ready for round two.

Will hums sleepily, nuzzling Hannibal again. "It's okay," he murmurs, sensing Hannibal's upset at knowing Will is in pain and being unable to stop it, limited by his own physical

ability. "This helps, too. I like this."

Hannibal purrs for him, kissing Will's wild hair and breathing him in. He thinks about the most recent purchase, still in its box in their spare bedroom. If Will noticed its delivery, he didn't comment on it. He likes it when Hannibal surprises him.

He bought it specifically for Will's heats – essentially a fucking machine, that has a modified storage tank for fake slick, or come, as needed. He can attach a hollow knotting toy to it and fill up the tank over the course of the three months, so that Will can be sated during pre-heat when Hannibal doesn't have the ability to keep up with him.

He hasn't brought it up yet, because Will is so possessive of his knot and seed anyway, Hannibal doesn't know if he'd be too eager to 'waste' any for the sake of rationing, but who knows, maybe his pre-heats will get so bad one day that he'll agree to it. That he'll finally pay up on that 'anything' he keeps promising.

Will throws an arm around Hannibal's waist, burying his face in his Alpha's chest as he sighs, going lax as Hannibal continues to rub his stomach and purr for him.

Next time, Hannibal decides. Right now, he wouldn't leave Will's side for Hell or high water. He closes his eyes, pulling his poor Omega closer, and lets them both drift off to sleep – until desire or pain wakes one of them again.

Chapter 57

Chapter Summary

> I like thinking about Will's hypervigilance so have post-fall Murder Husbands and metaphors about windchimes!

One of Hannibal's favorite things about life with Will is how every day he learns something new about his beloved. Things that can only be known through prolonged shared space and almost unbearable intimacy. It is proof that they are alive, that they are together, and Hannibal eagerly absorbs every scrap of information about Will like rain on a desert.

Will has gotten into the habit lately of uttering phrases he's having in the middle of his mental conversation. Will is an audial thinker, Hannibal has discovered, with a constant commentary running in his head - unlike Hannibal, who tends to think in pictures and plans, exploring thought and consciousness like railroad tracks leading into a dark cave. Will, in comparison, observes and exists with incessant narration.

Sometimes he talks back.

"I never liked the sound of windchimes."

They're on the raised porch built into the back of the house, that gives them a view of the winding road down to the village below, at the base of the mountain, the lush forest sheltering it from the constant, biting ocean breeze. There are nets and a roof on this balcony-porch, shielding them from the worst of the sun, the wind, and the appetites of bugs.

Hannibal looks up, following Will's line of sight to the innocuous, offending chime. It is mostly made of hollow tubes and shells, pan flutes and hermit crab homes clicking together. Not so much a chime as a chitter, Hannibal thinks.

"You had chimes, in Virginia," he says, instead of that.

Will's lips quirk up at the corner. He regards Hannibal with an affectionate side-eye, lazy and stretched out like a sunning cat on the padded wicker bench on the other side of the coffee table. His shoulders still hurt often, and he can't sit still for long, so he lounges more than Hannibal does, who finds extended pressure on his hip troublesome, and so prefers to sit upright.

Will throws an arm above his head, finding purchase in the lattice of the armrest behind his pillow, and exhales to the wooden roof, staring at the slow-turning ceiling fan as it dutifully whirs away. "I did," he says. "Left behind by the old owners. When I first moved in I barely

noticed them 'cause I was in and out of the house all day long, then had the silly notion in my head that I'd like teaching, so I took long hours and never heard them. Then..."

He falls silent, head tilted, listening to someone else.

"Then?" Hannibal prompts, attention thoroughly caught.

Will's eyes land on him again, smile softening. "Then they'd been there so long, it felt...distasteful, you know? They'd been there longer than I had. Weren't hurting anyone. Didn't bother the dogs, only bothered me when it was windy and I was home."

Hannibal considers this. "I suppose one must concede to small irritations, at least until they grow big enough to be addressed."

Will laughs at him, his grin wide, cheek dimpling twice on the right side.

"Would you like me to remove these ones?" Hannibal asks, gesturing to the chimes. "You have paid more than your fair share of dues, there's no need to keep something around that irritates you needlessly."

Will regards him, for so long Hannibal wonders if he's listening to something else again. Then, he returns to staring at the ceiling, and whispers, "Chimes keep the predators away. They're supposed to be good for your energy. Restorative."

There are many lures to pick at in that sentence. Hannibal watches Will, and wonders which will taste the best, and will be worth risking the fisherman's attention. He watches Will, how his fingers tap in time to the chitter of the chimes, on his chest, how his eyes follow the 'round and 'round of the fan blades above his head. How the dark circles under his eyes are growing larger and more bruise-like by the day. Despite their leisurely way of life now, Will does not sleep often, or lightly.

Will sucks in a breath and adds, "It's like a tripwire. It could be like one. Nothing hunts when it thinks something bigger and badder is out there. The noise will startle them."

Hannibal thinks about the alarms installed at every door, the mechanisms on the windows that prevent them opening more than a few inches, no matter how hot the day gets. How Will checks the wheel wells on the car before he'll get in, and the surveillance app on his phone he doesn't think Hannibal knows about. Or at least, he won't talk about.

"They wake me up at night, Hannibal," Will says, his breathing shallow, his face an ill-fitting mask of calm that Hannibal sees right through. "The sound of them. One day it won't be the wind that knocks them. It'll be something else. Something that doesn't care if we know it's coming."

Justified fears are so much harder to assuage. Will's distress has the scent of limes and salt, a little too sharp like the fruit's starting to rot. Hannibal reaches out, wincing at the pull on his hip as he leans forward, and he covers Will's tapping hand with one of his own. Immediately, Will goes still, though his heart races beneath their palms.

Still, Will stares up at the ceiling.

"We could get a dog," Hannibal suggests.

That draws a reaction. Will's brow furrows and he meets Hannibal's eyes. "A dog?"

"Or three." Hannibal smiles. "Ones that have shown an aptitude for guarding, perhaps, that could watch the house and protect us." He squeezes Will's hand. "Much more reliable than windchimes."

Will stares, expressive eyes gone blank. He sits up slowly, using their clasped hands as leverage, and turns so both feet are on the floor, knees almost interlocking with Hannibal's.

"Do you mean it?" he whispers.

Hannibal nods, still smiling. "I'm sure you'd be able to train them perfectly, you are an excellent handler and I have the utmost faith in your abilities."

At that, Will's fond smile returns. "Worked on you well enough, I suppose," he teases, and then laughs, kissing the small pout from Hannibal's lips. "One at a time, though - easier to handle, and then the first can show the second the ropes."

"As many as you need to feel safe, Will," Hannibal murmurs, lifting Will's hand and kissing his knuckles. "I mean that."

Will's eyes soften. He leans in and rests their foreheads together. "I know." His gaze lifts, to the chimes behind Hannibal's shoulder. "We can keep them for now. I don't like them, but I'm getting used to them." He worries at his lower lip, considering the chimes. "Maybe...you can turn them into something? So they're not just...gone?"

Yet another thing to marvel at about Will - his peculiar sentimentality. To take something he resents and still want to keep it, to recognize its worth, to rely on its existence as a reminder of his own, and then to repurpose it to something that suits him - it is something Hannibal could study for years and never quite understand.

But he will have plenty of time to try. He agrees with a quiet hum and a kiss to the corner of Will's fond smile. Then, Will winces, and lays back down, groaning as he stretches his arms above his head and eases the ache in his shoulders.

"Perhaps you can try to sleep here, darling," Hannibal suggests. "I can keep watch."

Will glances at him side-long, smile turned to a knowing smirk. "Feeling protective, Doctor Lecter?"

Hannibal smiles. "I cannot always ward away the monsters in your mind, Will, but I can stand against the ones who may wander up the trail." He pauses, and then says, "I find the notion...fulfilling... That you would trust me enough to keep you safe while you slept, in the same way you trust me to keep you well-fed and comfortable."

Will lets his arms fall again, closing his eyes. "I do," he says, and smiles.

Though Will cannot see it, Hannibal smiles back, and settles down to keep watch while his beloved rests. He will not move until Will wakes, he will not leave his post. He will remain, on this covered porch, with only the wind and chitter-chimes for company, with the occasional birdsong note, the rustle of the leaves, and Will, in so deep a sleep he doesn't even snore.

It is a good chorus, Hannibal thinks to himself. He'd never given much thought to his opinion on windchimes, disregarding the noise as irrelevant whenever he had heard them, but now he finds that he quite likes the sound of them. They may have their swan song soon, and so he must do his best to enjoy them, and then honor them by remaking them into something worthy of Will's affection.

A fitting metaphor, Hannibal thinks. A rather fitting one, indeed.

Chapter 58

Chapter Summary

needy sub Will, clothed frottage, edging, ruined orgasm, subspace, crying Will

"Oh, my *God*, H-Hannibal, please, fuck, *please*…"

Hannibal lifts his head, an amused, smug light in his eyes. "Yes, darling?" he whispers. His voice is hoarse, lips red and swollen and shining with saliva. Will's fingers flex by his side where Hannibal has tied his wrists to his belt, so he can't reach or move much, just as Hannibal wants him.

Will wants to touch him so badly. To grab his hair with both hands and hold his head still and fuck his throat until Will finally comes. Hannibal has been at this for what feels like an eternity, showing no signs of fatigue, no sign of stopping.

He tries to string more than two words together, to ask for what he wants, but the hunger in Hannibal's eyes makes his head feel fuzzy, this tongue too thick and heavy in his mouth. Hannibal smiles, giving Will's flushed, spit-wet cock a cursory lick before he crawls up Will's body. He leans down and puts pressure everywhere except where Will needs it most - no matter how hard he bucks his hips, he only gets the barest graze of Hannibal's suit vest against the head.

Hannibal grabs him tight by the nape of his neck and forces Will to look at him. "You'll make a mess if I let you finish now," he says sternly, like a father scolding a child mid-tantrum. Will bites his tongue so that he doesn't snap back - their suits are already far from presentable, Will has pretty much sweated through his clothes and he doesn't give a shit if Hannibal gets come on his suit, they can always buy another one. Hell, Will can pay for it if Hannibal is going to be prissy about it.

But he knows Hannibal doesn't give a damn either. He'd probably go out in public covered in Will's come if it was socially acceptable.

Will has a choice to make here. He could apologize and lay back, grind his teeth to nothing and bear however much longer Hannibal intends to torture him like this. Eventually something will give - either Hannibal's patience or Will's self-control. He'll be punished if it's the latter, but Will has found when it doesn't involve a sharp blade, he quite likes it when Hannibal punishes him.

He can beg some more and see if Hannibal has mercy on him. Or, he can lean into it and see what happens when he shows Hannibal his surrender. Of his three options, Will is most curious about the last.

So he lifts his head more and lets out a sweet little sound, licking the underside of Hannibal's jaw and spreading his legs in invitation. "I'll clean it up," he promises, soft and breathless. "I'll lick it all clean, or buy you another suit, or - anything. Please, Hannibal."

Hannibal pretends to consider it, his hand still tight on the nape of Will's neck while Will continues to nuzzle and kiss his jaw, another plaintive noise escaping for good measure.

Will almost sobs when Hannibal's other hand covers his exposed cock, cupped just enough to give him the barest hint of friction along the shaft. Will bucks his hips, inelegant and desperate, his wrists screaming from the pressure of the bindings keeping them in place.

Hannibal doesn't react, doesn't scold Will again, merely brings Will's head to his shoulder and holds him gently while Will trembles and writhes under his heavy body, sweaty and needy and loud as he frantically seeks release against Hannibal's hand.

Just when he's on the edge, when his stomach hurts from tensing so much and there are tears in his eyes, his breathing rough and uneven, Hannibal pulls away from him completely, kneeling beside Will on the bed and pinning him down with a hand on his chest. Will gasps from the sudden loss of pressure, every muscle in him locked for something, something, *something* that never comes.

His cock twitches, and lets out a pathetic dribble of come from the slit. Will cries out, a shudder running through his entire body, the sudden pressure in his lower belly unbearable and *not enough*. He didn't come, that wasn't even close to the bone-deep orgasms Hannibal normally provides him, but he's so sensitive and sore that he suddenly can't bear the thought of being touched again.

He looks up through blurry vision to see Hannibal watching him intently, eyes hungry and dark, swollen lips parted as he watches Will be forcibly shoved from the precipice, hitting every sharp rock and jagged branch on the way down. Will's cock continues to leak and twitch, and it hurts, and he feels like he should be satisfied.

Hannibal smiles, wide and pleased. He slides his hand from Will's chest, towards his cock, and Will gasps, shaking his head frantically. "Please," he tries, the word cutting off with another frantic, inhuman noise as Hannibal grasps his cock in a tight fist and strokes him, more come barely eking out. "Fuck, *fuck*, Hannibal, please!"

"Greedy boy," Hannibal murmurs. It hurts, it hurts so much, like oversensitivity but without even the satisfaction of a real orgasm. Will wants to curl up, hide his belly like a prey animal, too exposed, too raw, *fuck*, it's Hellish. It's torture.

"Please," Will finally manages. "No more. Stop."

Hannibal releases him immediately, and unbinds Will's wrists. He checks that they aren't too bruised - he will tend to them later, Will knows, but must check to make sure they don't need immediate attention.

Deeming Will's wrists well enough to ignore for a while, he then brings Will's arms up and wraps them around his shoulders, before he covers Will again. Yes, this is what Will needs.

He clings to Hannibal like a child, burying his face in Hannibal's shoulder as Hannibal settles over him again. Will nuzzles him, clutches at him, desperate to have Hannibal even closer than he is. Their clothes are too many barriers, their skin is another one he'd rip to shreds if he could.

He knows he's crying, can feel the tackiness on his cheeks, but no sound comes out even when he opens his mouth. Hannibal shushes him anyway, petting under Will's shoulders and the back of his neck, down his flanks, back up. It helps, it helps a lot, to feel Hannibal mapping out his edges and reminding Will that he's solid and human and alive.

Will closes his eyes, exhaling shakily. Hannibal kisses just below his ear and rasps, "We will continue in a few moments. Rest, Will, I have you."

Cold, curious terror grips Will at the thought of continuing. He could refuse, he knows that, he can always refuse. But now that the initial shock is gone, now that Hannibal is on top of him like the best weighted blanket, now that he can *think* again, he's aware that he's...fuzzy. Warm, liquid barely held together, the same way he gets after an intense night in Hannibal's bed.

It's a feeling he likes.

But.

"I need you to...hold me, more." He's not used to asking for what he wants in bed. Until Hannibal, Will's sole purpose during sex was the pleasure and satisfaction of his partner. His own needs were met by sating theirs.

Hannibal, of course, realized that way too quickly, the bastard. But he's so good about giving Will what he needs, while teaching Will to ask for it. Even when it's awful, even when it feels like it did a few moments ago, it's wonderful.

Hannibal is smiling, Will hears it though he can't see it. "What else?" he prompts.

Will shivers. "No clothes," he replies. "Please. Please don't make me."

Hannibal lifts his head and kisses Will, one hand warm and wide on the back of Will's neck keeping him grounded, while Will loses himself in the feeling of being kissed. "Good boy," Hannibal whispers, so much pride in his voice that Will's throat goes tight and he thinks he might start crying again.

Hannibal pulls back, taking Will with him before Will can even voice his whimper of protest. He holds Will tightly and helps him to his feet, before leading Will to the bathroom. The lights are left on low, the water comes out steaming hot right away, and Hannibal undresses him with constant kisses and unnecessary grazes of his fingers. Will does the same, less coordinated, still floating in some strange in-between place he's never been before. He's still hard, and everything aches, and everything in him begs for more touch. Like the first bite of food after not eating all day, he's starving for more, for *anything*.

Later, Hannibal will explain ruined orgasms to Will, and ask him if he'd be interested in doing it again. Later, he will contemplate this feeling, this desperation, how much he'd liked being held and touched in a way he normally gets too sensitive for when he's not in the right headspace. Later, he will think about how much he'd liked how it hurt, how Hannibal had looked at him like he was the center of the universe, how Hannibal's hand on his cock and fingers inside him had made him scream and beg. How fucking *phenomenal* it felt to finally be worked to a proper orgasm when it felt like he'd had ten already, with Hannibal deep inside him, whispering praise into Will's ear while he'd held Will in the steaming water and left him warm and wet inside and out.

Later, he will say that yes, he'd liked it, and yes, he wants to do it again.

Right now, Will can barely stand, and when they're both finally naked, those so-precious clothes discarded like rags on the floor, Hannibal helps him into the bath and holds Will so tightly, so securely. And Will sobs without sound and digs his nails into Hannibal's shoulders a little deeper every time Hannibal kisses him.

Right now, Hannibal's voice is soft and low, his eyes hungry and dark, his hands warm and strong. Right now, he is everything, and Will is greedy, hungry, needy, floaty. He sucks a dark bruise to Hannibal's throat and, just like before, chooses to surrender, and see what awaits him on the other side.

Chapter 59

Chapter Summary

Est. Hannikaisergram, DP bottom Will, multiple orgasms, praise kink, aftercare

It already feels like so much, crushed between the two of them. Will is limp in Duncan's arms, gasping and trying to catch his breath as Duncan mercilessly strokes his spent cock, drawing whimpers and needy whines from Will that he can't stop.

"Doing so well for us, love," Duncan murmurs, stubble rasping against Will's cheek, chest hair burning his skin. At his back, Hannibal is patiently waiting his turn, petting Will's flanks and keeping him tethered to the here and now. Will whines, pawing at Duncan's shoulder.

"So full already," he moans, another shudder of oversensitivity making him clench down hard around Duncan's thick length inside him. Duncan growls at that, finally releasing Will's cock and smearing come over his hip as he grips Will tight and holds him steady.

"We don't have to continue," Hannibal reminds him. God knows Will knows that - neither of them have any qualms taking turns, fucking him like a ragdoll when he barely has the wherewithal to speak. But Will is determined, and he wants it so bad. He needs to feel them both.

So he shakes his head and turns to catch Hannibal's lips in a kiss. "Keep going," he commands, earning a fond smile and low laugh. Hannibal nuzzles him, sucking a mark to the back of his neck as he pushes in with a finger, stretching Will out even more. Will gasps at the feeling, forehead dropping onto Duncan's shoulder as he grips tight and does his best to remain relaxed. One finger soon becomes two, lube squelching and dripping obscenely between his legs. At a certain point he knows the pain will fade to a pleasant afterburn, he just has to be patient.

Will used to be a lot more patient, but he's been spoiled by having two relentless and insatiable lovers, who are always eager to stuff him full whenever he asks for it. He feels Hannibal's knuckles brush his rim and groans, clenching his jaw tightly around a mouthful of skin, kneading a mark into the splattering of love bites already on Duncan's shoulder and throat. His nails rake down Duncan's chest, raising red lines. In answer, Duncan merely grips his hips tighter, sure to leave bruises for Will to admire and touch later when he wants the echo of pain.

Then, Hannibal withdraws his fingers, and laces them with Duncan's come-covered hand on Will's hip. "Just say the word, darling, and I'll stop," he promises, kissing the words to Will's sweaty hair. Will nods, breathing in shakily, and braces himself.

The first push in is like a sucker punch to the gut. It knocks the wind out of him and makes it hard to breathe, let alone speak. Will stays perfectly still, as relaxed as he's able to be, a weak, pitiful little whine forced from him as Hannibal and Duncan tighten their grips.

"There we go," Duncan soothes, kissing Will's tight jaw and flushed cheek. "Nice and easy, there's a good boy."

The praise warms Will, and helps him remember how to let out the breath he's holding. When he does, Hannibal pushes forward, and Will cries out when he's fully sheathed.

A rough, inhuman sound is snarled against his nape, Hannibal's free hand reaching around Will and clutching at his chest, holding him fast. The heat between the three of them is oppressive and all-consuming, making Will feel like he's trying to breathe through molasses.

But he did it. They're both inside him. Now all Will has to do is what he does best; relax, and trust them to take care of him. They do. Hannibal moves first, slow rolls of his hips that stretch Will out a little more, coaxing his muscles into timid acceptance.

Duncan is the first one to properly thrust, and it's so much, so fucking good, that Will sobs. "*Fuck*," he growls through his tears, biting down again because he has to do *something*. Duncan grunts, bucking up again, causing Hannibal to thrust properly in answer.

Despite Will's very recent orgasm and the overwhelming feeling of fullness, the burn, the after echo of pain, he starts getting hard again, his cock smearing sticky-wet over Duncan's belly. He trembles in their arms, barely able to move except the unconscious stutter of his hips making him chase the friction. "Fuck," he whispers again, rougher, lower. "Yes, fucking -. Just like that, *yes*."

Hannibal's soft laughter makes him shiver. "Always so adaptable," he teases, moving with more purpose now. Below their heavy breathing, the sound of their bodies colliding is loud and wet in the room. Will is aware he's making noise but he can't stop himself; it feels too fucking good. Just how he likes it - a little too much and a little too rough, it's fucking perfect. He comes first again, amazingly, clamping down hard around them both.

"Fucking Hell, Will," Duncan growls, grabbing his ass in a too-tight grip and moving him when Will loses all ability to move himself. Will collapses against his chest, panting, punched-out little gasps torn from his throat as they both use him to chase their own orgasms.

Duncan follows quickly, going still with a grunt and flooding Will, so much that it leaks back out around the seal. Will moans at the feeling, reaching behind himself to gather some on his fingers and suck the taste from his mouth. That's enough for Hannibal.

He yanks Will back hard onto his cock, buried as deep as he can go with Duncan still softening inside him, and comes with a low snarl. He grabs Will's jaw and turns him for a kiss, tongue shoved deep as though he wants to steal a taste for himself. Will lets him.

He takes Duncan's fingers when they come, too, covered in all three of them. Duncan shoves his fingers down to the knuckle and Will dutifully sucks them clean. They pull out at the

same time and Will *whines*, suddenly so empty. Once again spoiled, once again aching with loss.

"Hush, darling," Hannibal murmurs, kissing his flushed and tear-stained cheeks. He helps Duncan gather Will up and wrap him in a blanket big enough for all three of them, burrito'd on the gigantic bed.

Still, Will aches. Still, Will wants.

He makes a soft, high-pitched, surprised sound when he feels Hannibal's fingers trace his sore, soaked rim, then push inside. Four at once, which he curls to make them feel even bigger, giving Will that fullness he suddenly misses so much. Will's blush darkens. Hannibal smiles.

"Better?" he asks, brushing Will's sweaty hair back from his face. Will nods, shy despite himself, and sighs happily when Hannibal kisses him. "I'll take them out slowly, one by one, when you let me know you're ready."

Will clears his throat, and rasps, "Thank you."

Duncan pulls Will into his arms so Will can use him as a pillow, Hannibal plastered to his back to keep him warm. It's a soothing weight, comforting after so much sensation. Will nuzzles Hannibal's free hand, gives Duncan a kiss, and then settles down to rest.

Chapter 60

Chapter Summary

est. relationship, blowjobs, blink-and-you-miss-it sub!Hannibal and belly bulge kink

Will can't get enough.

His knees are numb, his jaw aches so badly it's starting to cramp, his eyes water from repeatedly taking Hannibal right to the back of his throat, tired muscles spasming around the leaking head.

Still, he's patient and dedicated, sucking Hannibal's cock as though it's his only purpose. At times like this, it feels true - like he was made simply to be on his knees, swallowing endless amounts of precum until his battered throat stings. He imagines he's filling himself up with it, growing steadily more and more swollen in the pit of his stomach.

Hannibal's fingers twitch on his thigh, almost reaching for Will before he stops himself. His breathing is heavy, too deep and even as he fights to control himself and not simply fuck Will's mouth until he floods it with come. He knows Will doesn't want that.

This ends when Will is ready, and not a moment before.

But God, Will could do this forever. His mind is fogged up with nothing but the taste of Hannibal, the heavy, thick weight of his cock in Will's mouth, the stifled moans held white-knuckled behind his clenched jaw.

"Will."

It's a plea, one Will is in no mood to listen to. He loosens his jaw and sinks down, letting precum and saliva coat his cheeks, his chin, Hannibal's bunched-up clothes. Messy, ruined, stained, just as Will likes him.

"Will," Hannibal whispers again, fingers twitching. Reaching. Pleading.

Will pulls back, tongue dragging thick and hot up the shaft and gathering more slick from the tip. He swallows, and sighs, gazing up at Hannibal through low lashes and hooded eyes.

"You wanna come?" he purrs, voice absolutely wrecked.

Hannibal stares, like a starving man might eye a feast. "Yes," he simply says. Breaking Hannibal down to monosyllabic requests and pleas is always so fucking satisfying.

Will smiles, his sore, tender, swollen lips tingling from so much abuse. "What if I don't want you to?" he replies. Hannibal's nostrils flare. Will can practically hear the snarled words: tempting, beautiful, awful, cruel boy. Hannibal's love and hunger are the sweetest chaser down Will's burning throat.

"Then I will not," Hannibal says. Liar. Sweet, pretty liar.

Will's smile widens. "We'll see about that," he rasps, the promise as dark as his eyes as he takes Hannibal back in. Hannibal groans softly, tilting his head back, and slides a hand into Will's hair.

He'll break soon. Like the inevitable rising of the sun and the erosion of cliffs, he will break.

Will can't wait.

Chapter 61

Chapter Summary

Two in one for this chapter! First one - established relationship, Will gives Hannibal a blowjob.

Second one: Daddy kink // sadist sub Will // dark Will // knife play and scars cw // blood play // potentially self-harm since Hannibal encourages Will to hurt him but that's kinda grey imo

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will looks up as Hannibal rushes in through the front door, the most disheveled and harried Will has seen him in a while. "Apologies for my lateness, darling," Hannibal says, kissing Will's cheek before making his way to the kitchen. Will follows. "Traffic was abysmal."

"It's fine," Will replies, amused at seeing Hannibal so ruffled.

"I had planned to roast the meat from last night, it'll be two hours or so before it's ready," Hannibal explains. Ah. Will nods to himself - Hannibal doesn't appreciate when dinner will be late.

Will watches Hannibal take out and season the roast, before placing it in the oven. He waits until everything is cleared away before he strikes, stepping up behind Hannibal and embracing him as Hannibal rinses his hands.

"I'm hungry now," he murmurs, a little petulantly.

Hannibal sighs, drying his hands and turning around. "I'm sorry, darling," he says. He does seem legitimately distressed by the prospect of making Will go hungry. Lingering food insecurity from his childhood no doubt. Will is feeling kind, so he doesn't lunge for that open wound.

"That's okay," he soothes, cupping Hannibal's chin and pulling him in for a proper kiss, one he lets linger, with a bite to Hannibal's lower lip and a greedy press of his tongue. "I'm sure there's something you can give me to tide me over."

He drops to his knees immediately. He relishes the way Hannibal sucks in a shaky breath, hands sliding into Will's hair entirely out of instinct. Will smiles up at him, unbuttoning and unzipping his suit pants and pulling his cock out through the hole in his underwear.

"Right?" he presses, punctuating the word with a slick, warm press of his open mouth against Hannibal's cockhead. Will lets his voice get a little higher, needier, as he strokes Hannibal slowly until he starts to leak. "A nice aperitif?"

Hannibal blows out a breath, eyes dark, heavy on Will's face. His fingers clench.

It's all the permission Will needs. He sucks Hannibal down, moaning quietly as Hannibal immediately hardens in his mouth, hitting the back of his throat and coating Will's tongue in precum. He grips his hips and pushes, encouraging Hannibal to move, fuck Will's mouth as he likes.

He gets his wish soon enough; Hannibal holds him still with a death grip in his hair as he uses Will's throat. He must have been more on edge than even Will realized, as soon he's letting out a rough growl and coming, flooding Will's mouth. Will moans with him, swallowing it all.

He pulls back, lips tingling from friction, and prowls up Hannibal's lax body, stealing another long, deep kiss so they can share the taste. "All better," Will purrs, smiling. He loves the look of Hannibal post-orgasm, sated and flushed and relaxed.

Hannibal smiles.

He kisses Will again and trails a hand down his chest, gently gripping Will's erection through his jeans. "May I return the favor?" he asks, his voice just as rough even though Will was the one with a cock down his throat moments ago.

Will laughs, and tugs him towards the study. "If you insist."

Sadist sub Will who has to sit in the corner and behave while Hannibal goes and hunts for them. He dutifully sharpens his knives, already hard in his clothes as he thinks about cutting up the fresh pig, listening to them squeal and beg and cry.

If he's good, Daddy will let him be the one who ultimately takes their life. Sometimes Will gets too excited and he has to sit back in his corner while Hannibal finishes the job, because Will runs the risk of ruining the meat if he cuts too deep or in the wrong place.

He's learning, and Daddy is very patient with him, fondly watching Will as he slices the perfect depth, gathers blood and tears on his fingers to suck clean. He understands that Will just gets too excited sometimes, too lost in the moment and in the feeling of Hannibal's

satisfaction coating him like a second skin, filling his throat and his stomach like the best food. It's just as good as sex, for him, though Daddy is very good at that part too.

If Will is really good, then Daddy will let Will put a mark on him too, after he cleans his knives.

Hannibal has a gorgeous little patchwork of scars on his forearms already, neatly laid in crisscross patterns that Will likes to pet and kiss while they fuck. Daddy tastes so good, Will loves licking over his freshly bloodied skin and swallowing it down, enough that he chokes on it.

If Will behaves from start to finish, Daddy will let Will coat his mouth with blood, then he'll jerk off with Will on his knees in front of him, his come the perfect chaser for the evening. If Will is *perfect*, then Daddy lets him rut against the fresh cuts. He knows it stings. He knows it hurts, but Daddy holds him so close afterwards and tells him he's such a good boy while Will cleans and binds his wounds. No stitches - they both want it to scar.

Eventually, he'll run out of room on one arm and will have to start on the second one. He already knows what pattern he's going to make next. It will be so beautiful.

His hands shake with anticipation and excitement, and he smiles to himself as he admires the brilliant light gleaming off his knife's razor-sharp edge.

It's going to be a good night.

Chapter End Notes

If you like sadist sub Will I have a longer fic here! 💕

Chapter 62

Chapter Summary

power bottom Will, implied size kink, cuddles in the first part :D

Hannibal's so engrossed in what he's reading that he doesn't notice Will approach until two knuckles nudge the spine of his book, drawing his attention. He looks up. Just one look at Will's face is enough for him to set the book aside, subject matter forgotten, and open his arms.

Will's lip twitch in a smile, his eyelids heavy as he climbs into Hannibal's lap, neatly shoving his knees into the couch cushions and settling on Hannibal's thighs. Hannibal sits forward so Will can wrap his arms tight around him and bury his face in Hannibal's throat.

Will lets out a heavy sigh, warm against Hannibal's neck. He kisses the spot a moment later and goes lax, covering Hannibal like a heated, weighted blanket. Hannibal rubs a hand up and down Will's spine, other hand settled in the little baby hairs at the nape of his neck.

"Can I do anything for you, darling?" he murmurs. Sometimes Will gets like this, too lost in his own head, and needs Hannibal to gently guide him back. The weight of his beloved's brilliant mind is very heavy, and even Atlas had a moment of reprieve in legend.

Will considers the question, then shakes his head. "Later," he rasps, digging his nails into Hannibal's lower back. He rocks his hips, just a tease of friction with nowhere to go, before he settles again. "I just need you to hold me." Hannibal doesn't need to be asked twice.

Hannibal tightens his arms immediately, closes his eyes, and buries his face in Will's hair, rubbing small circles between his shoulders as they gradually relax again. He feels Will smile against his neck, pleased by Hannibal's attentiveness. "Thank you," he murmurs, nuzzling.

"Of course, my love," Hannibal replies, full of devotion. "Whatever you need." He means that. He has always meant it - it was up to Will to learn how to ask for what he needs. Hannibal has always, only, ever, wanted to give him the world. Will shifts his weight, settles again.

"Will you read to me?" "It's not English," Hannibal warns, even as he reaches for the book. "I don't care." He smiles, and opens the book back to his page to read aloud. Will continues to gently nuzzle and kiss him, but Hannibal will not move on until he brings out his teeth.

He keeps his free arm held tight around Will, and continues to read aloud to him, ready to continue until Will either falls asleep, or brings him upstairs. Whatever Will needs.

Will lets out a heavy sigh, eyes falling closed as he sinks down onto Hannibal's hard cock. Hannibal regards him with a mix of amusement and open lust, petting Will's thighs as Will settles and gets comfortable.

"That's much better," Will murmurs, a dazed smile on his face as he touches himself, little judders of his hips and the tight clench of his muscles around Hannibal the barest tease. "So full."

He sounds drunk, almost boneless with pleasure as he works his fist over his cock, until it's flushed and leaking against Hannibal's stomach. Will's toes curl, tucking under Hannibal's thighs, not giving him the leverage he would need to fuck Will properly in this position.

Will opens his eyes, staring down at Hannibal's face, flushed and sweaty and beautiful. "You feel so fucking good inside me," he rasps, like a confession, biting his lower lip as his hand moves quicker. "I could come just like this."

Hannibal's upper lip curls back, a frustrated growl escaping as he digs his nails into Will's ass and tries to get him to move. Will is stubborn, merely clenching down and tightening his legs so that Hannibal can't fuck him, just rut in and out, the barest change in depth.

Will's parted lips quirk up at the corner in a smug smile. "Not enough for you, is it?" he purrs, a teasing lilt to his voice. "Look at you, so self-controlled, barely hanging on by a thread."

Hannibal snarls at him.

Will's lashes flutter, his head tipping back as he strokes himself, fist tight and moving fast. A whine catches in his throat when he lifts his other hand and brushes his fingers over his nipples, up to his bared throat, down to his stomach. He pushes down and Hannibal groans when he feels the pressure, his breathing just as ragged as Will's.

Will's breath hitches, he bites his lower lip and leans forward, bracing himself over Hannibal's racing heart and hanging his head. "Hold on for me, baby," he says, the words barely audible. "Just like that, *fuck,* you feel so fucking good, *yes* -!"

His fingers curl on Hannibal's chest, entire body jerking as he whimpers and comes all over Hannibal's stomach, spilling thick and white over his tanned skin. "F-*fuck*," he moans, almost collapsing but locking his arm just in time to stop himself faceplanting against Hannibal's chest. "Oh God, *shit*, Hannibal..."

Hannibal slides his hands up Will's shaking back, unable to resist the urge to soothe even when every instinct is screaming at him to grab and *take*, to pin this teasing, beautiful creature beneath him and use him until he's spent. That time will come.

For now, Hannibal cups Will's chin and kisses him, drawing out the last of the tension as Will sighs and melts against him, uncaring for the mess smeared between their stomachs. "That was so *good*," Will whispers, slurring his words, like he can't quite believe it.

Will straightens up a moment later, letting himself sink back fully onto Hannibal's cock with a soft hiss. "How do you want me?" he asks, eyes dark. It's the most dangerous question he can ever ask Hannibal, but he has always liked the answer.

"Just like this," Hannibal replies, gripping Will's ass and making him move more purposefully now, rising onto his knees and slamming back down, still so tight and warm and welcoming. Will whines softly, smearing his come on his fingers and then his mouth as he sucks them clean. He never once breaks eye contact, just takes it, like he'll take Hannibal's cock and his teeth and whatever else Hannibal wants to give him, as a reward for letting Will have what he wants. Such a demanding, insatiable, relentless beast Hannibal has in his lap.

Hannibal is so proud of him.

Chapter 63

Chapter Summary

domestic fluff with piano playing :D

The first time it happens, it's late at night, and the end of a long week. They've killed two bottles of wine between them and Will is lax, sleepy-eyed and smiling. He takes Hannibal's hand and tugs him over to the piano, plopping himself not-so-elegantly on the stool.

"Play something for me?" he murmurs, looking up at Hannibal with those beautiful eyes, puppy-like and hazy. "Please?"

Of course, Hannibal obliges him, sitting down with a smile. His fingers find the keys easily, an absent-minded melody conjured from his mind as he begins a slow waltz, something reminiscent of long winding roads and gentle summer breezes.

Will falls asleep with his cheek on Hannibal's shoulder, one hand curled into the crook of his elbow, and Hannibal is flooded with so much affection for him that when he gets them both to bed, he holds Will so tightly that they wake up so tangled, it's a struggle to wrestle their way free of the sheets.

The second time it happens, Will is stressed and defensive, hackles and shoulders raised, sullen during dinner. When they go to the study, he eyes the piano like a child might eye the forbidden cookie jar, lower lip caught between his teeth.

He fidgets. Hannibal rises and goes to the bench, leaving plenty of room for Will to join him at his side. He catches the sight of Will's fond, surprised smile in his periphery before he begins to play, surely luring Will over as any animal might approach fresh offered food. Will sits beside him, and falls asleep again listening to Hannibal play a dainty hillshire tune, high notes like fresh dew in the morning and soft arpeggios symbolizing frolicking forest creatures.

By the time it happens again, it's a pattern, one Hannibal can recognize and preempt. His darling Will is a ragged sail constantly battered by high wind, and in Hannibal's study, lulled to sleep by music, the Cerberus to his Orpheus, tamed by his song.

He debates the gesture for a long time before acting upon it, but eventually decides to. He is not sure it will have the same effect, but he would be remiss if he didn't at least attempt it in the name of science.

"What's this?" Will asks, taking the CD from Hannibal when it's offered.

"I recorded some of my compositions for you," Hannibal tells him. Will looks up, brow creasing. "I thought, on the nights when we are not together, or perhaps in your car while traveling, it might provide some comfort."

Will has this kind of smile he does, as though he's taken by surprise and overwhelmed with affection whenever he glimpses a shred of Hannibal's humanity. His smile is faint, and comes with a small exhale of half-laughter.

"*You* provide me comfort, Hannibal," he murmurs. He is truly a wickedly capable creature, and can spear Hannibal on the claws of his confessions as easily as Hannibal might tame him with music or carnal delights. "The music is just...a nice accompaniment."

Hannibal smiles.

"But thank you," Will continues, and puts the CD in his bag where it hangs across the back of his seat, before he straightens. He goes to Hannibal and captures him with one of his sweet, chaste kisses, that always leave Hannibal wanting more. "I appreciate the thought, and I'll listen to it whenever I miss you."

Cruel, beautiful Will. Hannibal should expect by now to be rendered breathless by him at any given moment, but it still takes him by surprise. He cups Will's face and kisses him again, because he will die if he doesn't.

"I'm pleased you like it," he manages to say.

Will's smile is bright and brilliant, as charming as any fey. He wraps his fingers around Hannibal's wrist and guides him towards the study, where they will once again unwind and relax. Hannibal allows himself to be led to the bench, pleased when Will sits beside him immediately, and rests his cheek on Hannibal's shoulder.

Hannibal kisses his hair, breathing him in, and once again plays his beloved a song.

Chapter 64

Chapter Summary

post-fall murder husbands

"We should invite Mister Anders over for dinner."

Hannibal looks up from his iPad, brows rising. Will has been staring at the fire, lost in thought, for the last twenty minutes or so. His posture is relaxed, the request carrying no more weight than a comment on the weather.

But Hannibal knows his beloved never suggests things without reason.

Still, he's in a playful mood, so he locks the iPad and sets it to one side. "Should we now?" he asks. Will doesn't look at him, eyes still locked on the dancing flames, reflecting golden back in his iris.

"Yes," Will says simply. "One he'll never forget."

Hannibal tilts his head and leans back, one elbow propped up on the armrest, holding his folded hands together across his stomach. "What has dear Mister Anders done to warrant such an invitation?" he presses, eager to know what Will has found so offensive about their fellow opera-goer. Will chooses most of his victims from the high society events Hannibal drags him along to. He's more guarded there, more easily riled, and much quicker to vindictive anger than any other time.

Will looks at him, then, expression giving nothing away. He tilts his head in mimic. "Isn't my desire more than enough?" Ah, he's in a playful mood too, despite the severity of the shadows that the fire casts along his face. There is no smile yet, but a tease of one, hiding just out of focus in the corner of his mouth.

"You know that your wish is my command," Hannibal replies evenly. "I simply wish to make sure the dinner is as...suitable as possible. That requires details."

That smile comes out, now, uneven and showing teeth. But he doesn't rise to the bait. "And if I told you that I didn't want to share?"

Hannibal hums.

"What if I told you that he made a pass at me?" Will says, voice going low as he rises to his feet, approaching slowly. Hannibal lifts his chin in increments to hold his gaze. "That he followed me to the bathroom and told me he had more money and strength than you, that he wanted to offer it to me?"

"I'd assume you laughed in his face," Hannibal replies, which is not an impossible response. Will has done it before.

Will bites his lower lip, reaching out to trace his fingertips over Hannibal's elbow, up his arm to his shoulder, knees worming their way between Hannibal's as he leans over him and obscures all of Hannibal's vision. "What if I told you he asked me what my rate for the night was, that he assumed I was a paid piece of arm candy for you to flaunt to your friends?"

That lure is more interesting. Hannibal doesn't much care what the sheep think of his and Will's relationship, but Will *hates* those kinds of assumptions. It's a combination of pride and aggravation at people being blind to his own person suit. He doesn't appreciate the implication that Hannibal has to buy his devotion. That either of them might not be worthy of the other.

"Did he?" Hannibal rasps.

Will's fingers find his chin, curling gently. "Does it matter?" he whispers.

Hannibal considers the question thoroughly, but whatever he might have said is replaced with a 'No', when Will leans in close and brushes their lips together, the barest graze of a kiss. No, he realizes, it doesn't. Whatever Will desires, he will have, no matter the reason.

Will's smile widens, and he rewards Hannibal with a proper kiss. "That's what I thought."

Chapter 65

Chapter Summary

bottom Will / top Hannibal, post-fall, smut & fluff

"Oh, f-fuck, Hannibal, please, don't stop, don't stop -."

As if Hannibal could, even if he wanted to. Not when he's so close himself. Will's hands are bound and braced across the back of Hannibal's neck, fingers coiling tightly in his sweaty hair as Will yanks him down for a savage, desperate kiss. Every muscle in him tightens, suffocating around Hannibal's cock and his waist and his shoulders, before he goes lax all over, the only strength in him remaining focused on keeping Hannibal's mouth on his.

Will's appetites may not be as constant as Hannibal's, but when they surface, they are explosive. Will continues to possessively take everything Hannibal gives him; his nails, his tongue, his air, his cock. Until Hannibal is tugged and thrown off the cliff edge just as surely and suddenly as the first time.

He shudders to a halt, brakes suddenly pressed too hard. Will winds around him and clings, not giving him an inch of space to breathe or recover. He kisses, and coils his fingers tighter, and digs in with his heels.

"More," he rasps, demands. "Keep going."

"I can't." It pains Hannibal to admit humanity, weakness, to be anything less than perfect for Will, but the flesh is simply too weak for the will. His Will, relentless and strong as a tempestuous ocean.

Will sighs, but his kiss gentles and his fingers begin to pet instead of pull. A rare display of mercy, one Hannibal thanks him for with a tender kiss of his own, deep and long enough that they're both breathless by the end.

Hannibal tucks his nose to Will's neck, enraptured with how Will smells when he wears both their scents, the best cologne achievable, in his opinion.

"Shower time, then," Will prompts.

Hannibal cannot help it, he pouts; "I'd like to hold you a little longer," he replies, sliding his hands up Will's back and tugging Will's body more securely beneath his for good measure.

Will laughs, at that - a soft, exhausted, utterly fond sound that Hannibal adores with every fiber of his being. "A bath, then?"

Hannibal smiles, pleased that Will is in the mood to humor him. He ducks his head so Will can lift his bound wrists over, and Will lays passively, allowing Hannibal to unbind and kiss the red, tender skin. Hannibal relishes the way his breath catches at the touch of Hannibal's tongue to his pulse, how Will's cock twitches in the messy puddle he made on his own stomach.

Perhaps 'more' won't be as impossible as he first thought.

They'll find out in the bath.

Chapter 66

Chapter Summary

blowjobs :D

Will smiles to himself as warm, strong hands settle on his shoulders, Hannibal kneading the tense muscles in his neck and around his shoulderblades as he steps up close behind Will where's he's perched at his work desk. Will hums quietly, sucking in a slow breath as Hannibal dutifully soothes the ache from maintaining his hunched pose for so long.

He laughs quietly as Hannibal leans over him, planting a kiss to his hair, one wandering hand sliding between the halves of his button-down and over his heart. "You're distracting me," he scolds without heat.

"Simply repaying the favor," Hannibal replies, lips grazing the arch of Will's ear as his fingers find and caress Will's sensitive nipple, causing a different kind of warmth entirely to flare up and pool in his stomach. "The way you look when you're working, the steadiness of your hands, the way the light touches you. Captivating. It made me jealous."

"Jealous of the sun?" Will teases. He sets his hands on the edge of his desk, since they're shaking too badly now to continue tying his lures. His lashes flutter and he sucks in a breath as Hannibal pinches his nipple, other hand sliding down further over his clothes. Hannibal's mouth seeks and finds his exposed neck, kissing with just a hint of teeth.

"I am jealous of everything that perceives you that is not me," he confesses, voice low and rough in Will's ear. "The walls that hear your voice, the breeze that cools your skin, yes, even the sun."

Will wraps his fingers around Hannibal's wrist, not to push him away, just to hold him, as Hannibal's hand flattens between his thighs and cups his hardening cock. He turns his head and is rewarded with a kiss, hungry and long as Hannibal continues to tease him.

"Nothing else perceives me like you do," Will whispers when the kiss ends. Satisfaction and adoration war for dominance in Hannibal's eyes. It's true, though, and Will means every word.

Hannibal pulls back abruptly and spins Will around on his stool, dropping to his knees once they're facing each other. Will's fingers slide to Hannibal's hair as Hannibal parts his clothes enough to free Will's cock. Hunger wins out, in the end, in Hannibal's eyes, before he closes them and takes Will as deep into his mouth as possible.

Will bites back a curse, leaning back on his desk and spreading his knees wider to give Hannibal space. It's so warm in the room now, silent except for Will's ragged breathing and the obscene, slick sounds of Hannibal sucking his cock. Hannibal's nails dig into the small of Will's back, the weight of his arms pinning Will in place as Will whines, bare feet fighting for purchase on the floor.

"Don't stop," he begs roughly, gasping, pawing at Hannibal's head. "Please. Please don't stop."

In answer, Hannibal merely sucks harder, flushed cheeks hollow, and moves faster. His tongue greedily laps at every drop of precum as it spills - and then, when Will can't hold back anymore, he swallows Will's come as well with a low, sated rumble deep in his chest.

He pulls off slowly, making sure he doesn't miss a drop. Will shoves himself off the stool and into Hannibal's arms, kissing him hungrily as his hands fumble with Hannibal's slacks.

"Let me repay the favor," Will growls, pushing Hannibal's clothes down to his knees before he hauls Hannibal up and swaps their places, taking his position on the floor where Hannibal just was.

Hannibal smiles at him, smug and wanting, and puts his hand in Will's hair. "By all means."

Chapter 67

Chapter Summary

blowjobs :D

Will is *so close* and he needs to warn Hannibal *now*. His college girlfriend made it real damn clear that coming in someone's mouth without warning was rude and he took that shit to heart.

But God if Hannibal hasn't sucked out every damn braincell Will owns to this point, because it's taking everything he has to hold off (barely succeeding) and keep his breathing steady (failing).

"H-Hannibal, I'm -." He runs trembling fingers through Hannibal's hair, lifts his knees, tries to raise his head but his stomach is already so tense he can't sit up.

Hannibal's soft, swollen, red lips leak saliva down Will's shaft and he doesn't slow his pace even a little. Will hisses as Hannibal's strong fingers worm their way beneath Will's bare ass and dig in with sharp nails, like Hannibal wants Will to stay right where he is.

"Hannibal," Will tries again, heart in his throat and pounding behind his eyes at the same time. His mouth is dry, his body soaked with sweat, thighs trembling as Hannibal shoulders them farther apart and sucks like his life depends on it. "'M, *fuck*, close, can't -."

Hannibal hums, lashes low, head tilting just so when Will clutches at his hair until his knuckles turn white. He can't stop, he'll just have to apologize later, he can't fucking stop. He manages to jerk his hips up a single time before Hannibal's grabbing hands tighten, keeping him down, and Hannibal drags his tongue flat and warm and wet up Will's shaft until he gets to the head, just in time to catch the first helpless spurt of come Will releases, a desperate whine escaping with just as much force.

From there, it's a veritable flood.

Will would be embarrassed if it didn't feel so fucking good and if Hannibal wasn't swallowing it all down like it's the best thing he's ever tasted. His nails withdraw, merely holding Will as he shudders and writhes through one of the longest orgasms of his life.

Hannibal's tongue continues to tease and eke out more after the first wave has crested, until Will is whimpering from oversensitivity, squirming in place. His braincells haven't come home yet and his stomach is too sore to let him writhe away, so he just has to stare, unseeing, at the ceiling, petting Hannibal's hair and flushed cheeks and sweaty temple until his strength comes back, or Hannibal has mercy on him, whichever comes first.

When Hannibal finally pulls off him, he prowls up Will's body and kisses him hard.

Seems only fair, since Will didn't warn him properly, and Will has never minded the taste. Hannibal's breathing is as ragged as Will's, his mouth hungry. He slides his hands up Will's sweat-drenched body and pins his wrists on either side of his head.

"Divine," he rasps. The abuse to his throat makes the word come out a growl; "I have waited so long to taste you like that. You never disappoint me."

Will blinks up at him, surprised. "I tried to warn you -." Hannibal silences him with a kiss.

"Never apologize for surrendering to pleasure." Hannibal smiles, releasing Will's wrists in favor of cupping his face and kissing him again, deep and long enough to steal Will's breath away. "Especially when it's pleasure I wanted so badly to give you."

Will's laugh comes out shaky, a giggle really, hysterical and happy.

"You'll turn me into a hedonist with an order like that."

Hannibal's dark eyes shine with satisfaction, his swollen and red lips twisted into an amused, promising smirk.

"We can only hope."

Chapter 68

Chapter Summary

> Will gets hurt during a case and Hannibal has Feelings about it - Established relationship.

Will's head is still ringing a little, a dull ache spread all through his skull, from temples to nape, like the worst kind of helmet. He has an ice pack pressed to his jaw, and while his nose isn't broken, it's tender enough that he hasn't been able to bring himself to wipe the thin trail of blood away from his nostril and upper lip.

"He's in there," Will hears Jack say. The door opens, and Will looks up as Hannibal walks in. His expression is completely neutral to those who don't know him, except for a tiny crease of worry and displeased tilt in the corners of his mouth. Only Will can sense the riot of tension, worry, and anger in Hannibal's eyes, the too-tight coiled spring in his shoulders just ready, *waiting*, to be given a target for his aggression.

Still, when Hannibal approaches, and crouches in front of Will to meet his eyes, when he touches Will's chin so gently it feels like air, Will is calm. He has to be, because Hannibal wears justified anger and desire for retribution like armor. He chooses violence over fear.

"You should see the other guy," Will croaks. His jaw hurts when he smiles and Hannibal's eyes haven't moved from the bruise peeking out from the edges of the ice pack, from the dried blood trail below Will's nose. Will makes a sound, a single click of his tongue, and covers Hannibal's hand with his own. "Hey. I'm okay."

Hannibal looks at him the same way the dogs do when Will comes home late. Animals who know they shouldn't use the bathroom inside, and worry about where their next meal will come from. A creature that is terrified of being abandoned by the only living thing it depends on for everything it needs.

Sometimes Will thinks about getting hurt on purpose, because there's something so frighteningly seductive about Hannibal's fear of losing him. How volatile he is under that emotionless, collected exterior.

Sometimes he thinks about it. But not today.

"Is he still alive?" Hannibal finally whispers, fingers clenching between Will's as their hands lower to Will's lap.

Will sets the ice pack down, takes Hannibal's other hand and guides it to his neck, leans in to rest their foreheads together as Hannibal dutifully rubs the sore muscles at his nape to ease

some of the tension, just as the warmth of his forehead eases some of Will's headache. "He's in custody," Will tells him, smiling when Hannibal stifles a low, displeased noise. "I could always choose not to press charges. Release him into the wild."

Hannibal's fingers hesitate, before resuming their rhythm. "Whatever branch of justice you think suits the crime best, I defer to you, my love."

Will doesn't laugh in his face, only because his head hurts too badly. "You're a terrible liar," he murmurs, cupping Hannibal's face, his fingers still cold. Will opens his eyes, meets Hannibal's gaze - still so afraid, but calming now, a starving animal offered food if it promises to obey. Will closes his eyes again. "Let me think about it. I'm tired."

"I'll take you home," Hannibal replies. He makes to rise to his feet, but stops when Will huffs and pulls him down again.

"In a minute." He squeezes Hannibal's hand, lets his exhale get a little unsteady for good measure. "In a minute."

Hannibal falls for the lure, of course he does, he always does. Will could feed off of Hannibal's fear and answering relief for the rest of his life. "Take as long as you need, Will. I'll be right here."

Will smiles.

Chapter 69

"I gave you a child, if you recall."

"Will you give me another one?"

Hannibal stills, clearly having not expected Will to reply. When he looks at Will, no gaze meets his own. Will's eyes are fixed out, stubbornness or vulnerability or anger rendering him unable to look Hannibal's way.

"...What?" Hannibal manages to ask.

"You heard me." Will's voice is uncharacteristically and infuriatingly flat, giving away nothing. There's no tension, no change in scent, nothing to tell Hannibal which emotion spurs the question. It's unnerving, as a self-taught master of controlling his expressions and dissecting others', to be suddenly so blinded by Will's mask.

"I...did," Hannibal says. "But I don't..."

"Understand?" Will arches a brow and turns his head, pinning Hannibal with a fierce look, his normally ocean-cloud eyes strikingly clear in the sunlight streaming in through the window in front of them. "You gave me a child. You took it away. So now what?"

Hannibal's eyes narrow. "Now you've found one, and a wife, ready-made to suit your needs and your fear of passing on those genetics that disturb you."

Will smiles, slight and fond, as though Hannibal has told him a joke he's told a thousand times and Will is humoring him by pretending not to know the punchline. "Following that logic, if you gave me a child, you gave me a bride, too. Didn't you?"

"I -."

"You wear jealousy so strangely, Hannibal. It doesn't suit you. Staring through the window while I play with the neighbor's dog, even when your tail wags hard as ever when I finally come home." Will's smile widens, sharpens cruelly when Hannibal remains silent. Too many things flutter in his chest at Will's words, weapons he desperately needs to grab and hone for his own use but cannot, for the sharp ends are still pointed his way. To call Will out on his association of Hannibal and Home, to comment on comparing Hannibal and Will's wife to dogs, to -. "That's what you want, isn't it? To love you like I love her?"

Hannibal's upper lip twitches. "No," he snaps hoarsely. "Not like that."

"Worse, then," Will guesses. "Harder. Rougher... Meaner."

Hannibal closes his eyes.

Will is quiet for a moment, then he sighs. When Hannibal looks at him again, Will is once again staring out the window. "You bring it out in me, I suppose," Will confesses. "Cruelty. Maybe because I know you can take it. Maybe because part of me thinks you deserve it, still." He breathes in. "Maybe just because I really, really like being mean to you. And I think you like it too."

"I enjoy seeing you as your genuine self," Hannibal hedges.

Will scoffs, and sees through him as easily as the windowpane.

"If we go through with this," Will begins, "you'll have taken another wife and child from me. So." Their gazes meet, Will's eyes dark and sharp and deep as the abyss. "Are you prepared to offer a replacement? Are you prepared to suit my needs?"

"Will," Hannibal whispers. He feels stuck in place, his feet coated in tar, unable to step closer despite how desperately he wants to. Will is unmoving, aloof and unyielding, neither letting impatience nor pleasure crack his facade.

It is Hannibal, this time, who must break first.

"Yes," he finally says.

Will's smile warms him like sunlight. "I know you will," he whispers, his own voice lowering. Just enough to betray that he, too, is not entirely unaffected. His eyes dip down, then back up, as he huffs an amused laugh. "You're already dressed in white for me."

Hannibal is startled by how warm his cheeks suddenly feel, and how quickly they flushed. He looks away, swallowing, and Will laughs again. He does not come closer - he won't until he's ready, that has always been the case. But it will be soon, right before Hannibal is ready to die from neglect and will do anything to bring Will close to him.

"Good bye, Hannibal," Will says.

Unheard, unsaid; "I'll see you soon."

Chapter 70

Chapter Summary

Established Hannigram, bottom!Will, blow jobs, overstimulation, crying.

"Oh, oh *God*, fuck, Hannibal, *please* -." Will's knuckles go white, curled in Hannibal's hair so tightly his nails dig into his own palms, heels helplessly dragging against the mattress as he chokes on his inhale, coming with a violent shudder that shakes his whole body.

Hannibal's lashes lower, lips still tight as he swallows all of Will's come, one hand keeping Will pinned, spread over the scar on his stomach, the other buried between Will's legs as he mercilessly strokes Will's prostate.

Will whines quietly, still trembling, twitching with every continued brush of Hannibal's steady fingers, his wet, hot mouth remaining cruelly tight as he continues to lave his tongue over Will's cock, paying special attention to the head and slit, eking out everything Will has to give.

"No more," Will pants, barely able to speak. "Please, Hannibal, *please*..." His cries swallow his words as Hannibal merely sucks harder, forcing Will's spent cock to leak onto his tongue, shards of painful overstimulation digging themselves into Will's stomach and crawling all over his skin. It's his second orgasm in the last half hour, his fifth of the night, and Will's heart is beating so hard and fast it's a wonder he hasn't simply passed out from the sensations. "*Hannibal*!"

Finally, after what feels like a century of painful pleasure, Hannibal's fingers withdraw, and he lets Will's soft cock slip from his bruised lips. Panting, he crawls up Will's body and plasters himself all over Will, soothing his tremors with gentle hands and laying open-mouthed, burning-hot kisses to his sweaty throat.

"One more," he coaxes, pushing Will's shaking thighs apart. He forces the tip of his cock inside of Will, just shallow enough for his abused prostate and sore rim to tingle with lingering arousal. Close as he is, Hannibal's stomach grinds against Will's spent cock, making him whimper and clutch at Hannibal with all the strength he has left.

Hannibal ruts into him shallowly, swallowing Will's tired moans and desperate whines. Will digs his nails into Hannibal's back and rakes up, leaving long red lines behind that sting.

Will's eyes are hazy, gaze unfocused as Hannibal grips his chin and forces Will to meet his gaze. Will presses his hands to Hannibal's chest, up his neck, over his jaw and cheeks, touching and caressing as though he's not sure what he's seeing is real.

Hannibal smiles when Will's fingers graze his temples, into his hairline, where the monster's horns grow. He kisses Will with teeth and Will moans softly into it, gasping, cock leaking pitifully onto his stomach as Hannibal mercilessly ruts against his prostate. "I can't," he rasps, tears in his eyes.

Hannibal's smile merely widens, fond and affectionate. He nuzzles Will and wraps his arms tight around him, kissing him soundly as Will clings to him, trembling, inner muscles tightening despite his protests.

"I can be patient," Hannibal promises, like this is a kindness on his part. Will sobs, teeth in Hannibal's shoulder, both of them drenched in sweat. "We have all the time in the world, darling, don't you worry. Take as long as you need."

Will sucks in a shaky breath, and looks at Hannibal with a beautifully ruined, pleading gaze. "...One...one more?" he asks, weak and high. "Just one more?"

"Just one more," Hannibal coaxes. They both know it's a lie. Hannibal will use his beloved until he's satisfied, or until Will simply, truly, cannot keep going. One thing Hannibal is certain of, however - his Will is a starving, gluttonous, neglected creature, and will take any measure of kindness and loving touches even if it hurts, even if it drives him mad. They're far from their highest record in one night, after all.

Will closes his eyes and accepts Hannibal's kiss, sighing as he surrenders to the pain. Hannibal rewards him with a deeper thrust, giving Will the fullness, the connection, he so desperately craves.

"Good boy," Hannibal whispers, giddy and delighted. Will's tears fall and Hannibal kisses them away, holding Will close and tight so his beloved doesn't fly too high without him. He quickens his pace, relishing how Will's whimpers get higher and louder, turning into cries the harder Hannibal fucks him.

Just one more. Until the next 'One more'. Until Hannibal is satisfied.

Chapter 71

Chapter Notes

gun kink / violence

With every rock, Hannibal's teeth click against the barrel. It's long, would trigger his gag reflex if Will hadn't so diligently trained that out of him. It shines the same way Will's teeth do in the half-light, both bared.

Will's other hand, the one not white-knuckled with anti-pressure around the trigger, is flat on Hannibal's chest. Checking his pulse, maybe, not that it matters - Hannibal's heart races at Will's mere proximity. The gun is an afterthought.

Will knows this.

He pushes the barrel deeper. Hisses when Hannibal's throat resists and his teeth knock against the sights. There's a bullet in the cylinder, a single bullet. Will's point of view will tell him if the chamber is loaded or not. Hannibal's point of view...doesn't.

Will pushes deep enough that his knuckles bruise Hannibal's lower lip. Hannibal swallows, fingers flexing on Will's hips. Will, in his lap, rolls to stillness, his orgasm triggered by Hannibal's show of weakness, spilling wet and hot across his belly.

"Are you afraid?" Will whispers shakily.

Hannibal's tongue is weighted down, but it doesn't matter. Will can see his eyes, after all.

Will can see that he is not afraid.

Will's lips twist into something manic, lopsided, eyes gleeful. He pulls the trigger.

Click. Hannibal's eyes roll back as he grunts, digging his nails into Will's hips as he bucks, groaning through his own orgasm, still messy and muffled around Will's gun.

Will pulls it out of his mouth. Shoots at the ceiling and destroys the overhead lamp. Hannibal smiles.

"Why do you let me do that?" Will murmurs, when they're cleaned up and warm, broken glass an afterthought when they shake out the sheets. The sheets are cream, the stains on them red. Not their stains. Artsy, deliberate, patterned with roses.

"You said you'd kill me with your hands," Hannibal replies, pleased and purring like a sunning wildcat as he kisses and nuzzles his answer to Will's hair. "You've never broken a

promise to me yet."

Will grins, and holds up his hands.

He admires the way the ring gleams, just like the gun on the nightstand. Just like the ruined remains of the lampshade, and the way Hannibal's eyes do when the darkness hits them just right.

"I also promised a reckoning," he muses, fingers curling when Hannibal laces them.

Will tilts his head up, and is met with a kiss.

"There's always tomorrow., darling."

Chapter 72

AU where Will's empathy is more like Jasper's in Twilight so he's pretty much always surrounded by boredom, frustration, low-grade lust, curiosity, and simmering anger from all sides depending on whose company he keeps. The only exception is his dogs, who radiate contentment and happiness around him, simple animal expressions of fondness, which is one of the reasons he collects so many. He's good at soothing them and training them and they manage to make his home a safe, warm space for him to settle his emotions and his thoughts.

Will is already being bombarded by Jack's frustrated emotions before he even enters the office, but there's another flavor there: anticipation. Foreign in that Will can tell it's not exclusively coming from Jack.

Will walks into the room and is almost bowled over by the sudden onslaught of anticipation, satisfaction, hunger, *lust* that greets him, the second he meets Hannibal Lecter's eyes. He's used to shrugging off people's reactions to him as best he can but Hannibal is *relentless*. He's not trying to be, obviously he can't know about Will's unique 'gift', but dear God, Will has to bite his tongue in order to stop himself from telling Hannibal to calm the Hell down and get a hold of himself. It's obscene, even if Will is the only one who can feel it.

Beyond that, though, is something that makes Will...uneasy.

It's hunger. Not sexual, not entirely. Not even basic human stomach-rumbling or idle wondering about what will be for lunch. This hunger is like an animal's. A primal, entirely instinctive imperative; a reminder that to feast is to live, and the compulsion to never starve.

Will's mouth is watering and his stomach aches as though he hasn't eaten in days. His mouth is dry, skin too-tight and itchy like it gets in days of low humidity and biting chill. Like he hasn't had water for as long as he can remember. He's - Hannibal is - so...not whole.

He's reaching out to soothe it before he can stop himself. Easing that hungry feeling as best he can even as Jack drones on about kidnapped girls all across Minnesota. Will watches Hannibal watch him, sees confusion, realization, wonder cross his face and his emotional canvas in quick succession.

Then, much to Will's shock, it stops working. The empty maw opens up wider, hungry, starving. Will is no longer offering, it's being taken from him. He didn't even know that was possible. He needs to stop, but he can't - strangely, he doesn't want to.

He wonders how much Hannibal could take until he was satisfied, and how much Will could give until he was devoured completely.

His ability isn't like mind-reading. He has no idea what Hannibal is thinking, just what he's feeling. He sees emotions like colors and can choose to blend, cover, and change them as he needs. Surely, eventually, the canvas will be covered completely, and Will can stop. Surely he can stop.

Just...just a little bit more. Just a little bit longer. He can stop whenever he needs to. He can.

Chapter 73

Will has gotten accustomed to waking up with the scent of fresh coffee wafting in from downstairs, the sound of the fan in the bathroom dutifully filtering out the steam from Hannibal's shower, and the feeling of Hannibal's warm kisses blazing a trail down Will's bare chest.

Hannibal doesn't move onto the main event until Will shows some sign of life, and as usual, Will threads a hand through Hannibal's damp hair and hums a tired encouragement, spreading his legs and lifting his hips to make room for Hannibal to take his underwear off.

He does, letting them slip to the floor from beneath the sheets, and takes his place between Will's knees. Will sighs, tipping his head back and sinking into the feeling just as his cock sinks into Hannibal's mouth, the tight, slick heat more than enough to get him hard.

Hannibal is messy first thing in the morning, saliva coating Will's cock and dripping from the broken seal of his lips as he lazily bobs his head, arms curling beneath Will's thighs and hands flat on his hips so Will can't buck up, not that Will ever tries.

He's more than content to let Hannibal do all the work when he hasn't even had his coffee yet. Will runs his fingers through Hannibal's hair, nails against his scalp in a pleasant scratch, petting more than pulling. Hannibal merely shoulders his way close so Will can reach.

"Not yet," Will murmurs, when Hannibal starts to move faster. He smiles when Hannibal huffs impatiently, breath fanning warm across his skin. "I know you're hungry, darlin', just be patient." Hannibal sucks on him hard in answer, tongue focused on Will's cockhead.

Despite Will's protests, Hannibal really is too good at this, too good at doing this to Will, specifically, and it's only a few minutes later that Will is growling under his breath, knuckles white in Hannibal's hair, grinding his cock deep into Hannibal's mouth as he comes.

Hannibal swallows, of course, before pulling off of Will with a satisfied hum. He crawls back up Will's body, kisses him with a smile.

"Good morning," Will sighs, one arm around Hannibal's shoulders, the other petting down his chest.

"Yes," he replies, smiling. "It is."

Chapter 74

Chapter Notes

omegaverse, power bottom Will, breeding kink mention

"Not yet, not yet, hold on for me."

Hannibal is trying, good God is he trying, but the sight of his Omega writhing on his lap, in the throes of pleasure, flushed down to his leaking cock and lost to the feeling of Hannibal fucking him is too much to bear.

Especially since Will is working himself to his third orgasm just like this, soaking wet, burning hot, clenching so tightly around Hannibal's half-swollen knot.

"Hold on for me," Will breathes, lashes low over his golden eyes as he tips his head back, gasping to the ceiling.

He slows his pace, grinding on Hannibal's knot, nails digging deep crescents into Hannibal's sweaty skin and through the hair on his chest. "Mm, *fuck*, feels so fucking *good*..."

Will trembles, letting out a weak little whimper as he comes again, practically dry now, his cock twitching and barely giving anything as he bears down in a vice grip around Hannibal's cock.

His thighs shake with strain, breathing ragged as he collapses forward and runs his nose from Hannibal's chin to his jaw, grazing his teeth along the mating mark on Hannibal's throat.

"Good boy," he drawls, petting up Hannibal's chest as Hannibal's arms tighten around him, desperate to hold him still because if Will keeps lazily rocking his hips like that, Hannibal won't be able to hold back. "Good Alpha, my good Alpha, *God*..."

"Will," Hannibal breathes as Will sucks a kiss to his neck, the point of pain sharp among the waves of pleasure beating relentlessly down his spine. It doesn't feel like his body belongs to him anymore - he is an extension of his Omega's will, a tool to use for his own pleasure. "Will, darling, please..." He would rather be nowhere else.

Will lifts his head, resting their foreheads together as he catches his breath, his smile warm and wide, so proud. His nails scratch pleasantly along Hannibal's skull, tucking his hair behind his ear, cupping his face.

"So good for me," he whispers again, kissing the words to Hannibal's open, snarling mouth, rolling his entire body in a sensuous grind that makes Hannibal groan. "Let me..."

He presses a hand to Hannibal's chest, closes his eyes and relaxes, letting out his breath slowly and sinking down onto Hannibal's knot, clenching up so tightly that Hannibal can no longer slip out of him.

Hannibal kisses the clench of his jaw and the tightness around his eyes as Will forces himself to relax, whining gently and turning to crush his nose against Hannibal's cheek.

"There we go," he purrs, rocking his hips again but refusing to let Hannibal's knot escape.

Hannibal growls softly, his entire body pulsing with the urge to knot, to come, to flood his beautiful mate and mark him on the inside. "You can come now, you've earned it, that's it -."

Hannibal hardly needs further permission.

He grips Will's hips and tugs him down, then runs his hands up Will's spine to crush their bodies together, holding onto Will as tightly as he dares while his knot swells, stretching Will to the point of pain, and locks them together.

Will moans weakly against his neck, and sighs as Hannibal shudders and starts to come inside him.

He ruts his softened cock against Hannibal's stomach, a low purr starting in his chest.

Hannibal's knot is too big to take without pain outside of his heat - even then, he's too out of it to notice amidst the merciless desire to be mounted and bred - and so Will makes sure Hannibal earns the right to knot him when they're of sober minds, only drunk off each other.

Hannibal purrs for him, soothing him, running his hands up and down Will's spine and nuzzling his red, sweaty neck. "S'warm," Will slurs, relaxing further as the initial bite of pain fades, all that remains is the tender, mutual soreness of muscles tested beyond their limits.

Hannibal smiles, and kisses his forehead when Will turns and offers it. Will smiles back, his purr getting louder as Hannibal thoroughly pets and kisses him, making sure Will is as comfortable as possible.

Will kisses Hannibal as the knot deflates, come and slick leaking around Hannibal's softening cock as Will rises to his knees, letting their bodies separate. Hannibal is quick to grab him and put him on his back, covering him with his larger body and pinning Will to the bed.

Will laughs, but allows it, closing his eyes as Hannibal pulls a blanket over their too-warm bodies, sating the need to remain unseen by predators even when the apex predator is the very one keeping watch.

Hannibal kisses him again, unable to quiet the desire to be as close to his mate as possible, every inch of skin plastered together even though it's far too warm and the amount of body fluids covering them will become uncomfortable soon.

Will merely laughs, offering his mouth and his neck and whatever part of Hannibal he desires to touch, purring happily all the while.

Chapter 75

Will having PTSD that's triggered (among other things) by glass shattering combined with Hannibal's penchant for dropping teacups.

It didn't get too bad until they were safe. Then, at a restaurant, someone in the kitchen dropped a glass. Will heard it shatter. The same sound that preceded Hannibal getting shot, almost dying. The sound that came with Randall dressed in predator's bones, intent on Will's life.

He manages to hide it well enough, brushes off Hannibal's concern as a bad reaction to the food. He laughs weakly when Hannibal playfully suggests the chef be relieved of his liver since he can't cook one. He kisses Hannibal sweetly goodnight, holds him tight enough to suffocate.

He's almost forgotten about it, then he hears it, in his own damn house. Hannibal, dropping another one of his damn teacups. Will practically flies into the kitchen, terrified of what he'll find, only to see Hannibal calmly sweeping up pieces of the broken cup with a smile.

Will knows why he does it, it's his own personal way of testing reality, trauma and disbelief at the how's and why's of them being together, happy, alive - he must test it somehow, so he breaks things. Will can't stop him. What would he do? Take away all the cups and glasses? Tear out the windowpanes?

But God, the moment of heart-stopping fear, the sound sinking its teeth into Will's neck, the cold certainty that something very very bad is about to happen. It does not make him feel strong, powerful, certain. He finds no catharsis in testing reality.

He would ask Hannibal to stop, but this is how he processes things. Will would not take that away from him. Maybe to just ask him to do it when Will isn't home, but Will is part of that reality he's trying to test. Will always shows up when he hears a glass shatter.

Will feeds into it; it doesn't work without Will's fear. So instead, Will watches Hannibal clean up broken glass and porcelain, and lets the sight of it remind him that his reality is this moment: Hannibal, calm, mundane, happy. Hannibal, cleaning up a mess he made.

Hannibal, kissing Will's sweat-damp hair and letting Will hold him tightly when the danger is gone. Hannibal, apologizing for his silly little habits and pretending that he doesn't know how awful it makes Will feel. Soothing him by letting Will reassure himself that he's okay.

No bullet wound. No dead predator bones. Just them, warm and alive and mutually scared of having it all ripped away. Will doesn't take away the glasses. Hannibal doesn't stop breaking them.

Chapter 76

Chapter Notes

omegaverse, Alpha!Hannibal, Omega!Will, implied mpreg, angst?

"Wow. You look just like me. That must drive him crazy."

The boy clearly doesn't know what to say to that. He frowns like Will too, though.

Will isn't frowning. He hasn't moved from his place, belly-down on the floor, a sniper aimed at the highest window into the hotel room across the street. The barest amount of attention he's given is a tilt of his head and a glimpse of the same eyes he passed down to his son.

"Are you here to kill him?" the boy asks. He's sixteen, Will knows he's sixteen, but he has the bearing of someone far older. With his father being who he is, Will isn't surprised.

Will snorts, and turns away, looking down the barrel of his gun, hands loose and comfortable in their place. Just another Tuesday for him. "Contrary to what your father would have you believe, the world doesn't revolve around him. At least, mine doesn't."

Will gives the boy one last look before he lowers his shoulders and peers down the sight, braced in readiness. "Your neighbor, however -."

He shoots, and the boy lunges for him, small fangs bared and newly-presented red in his eyes. He's dainty, he took after Will in every way except his designation, and that means he has years before his metabolism slows down enough for him to build some muscle mass.

Will rolls him easily and keeps him down with a hand on his throat and a knee on his stomach. The boy hisses at him, scrambling at the creases of Will's jeans around his knee.

"That wasn't very well thought out, was it?" Will says, brow arching. He tuts and shakes his head, lifting his eyes. "I ought to have a word with your father about how he's raising you. There's only so much you can blame on your age and gender."

He pushes himself to his feet and goes back to his sniper, dissembling it and packing it away quickly. When the boy sits up and looks over the small ledge, he sees a perfect circular hole in a window, and a body, in the room next to the one he's been sharing with his father.

Indeed, he's still there, but standing close to the window, looking out. Though their eyes meet, and his father's lips turn down in displeasure, the boy knows he's not the reason Hannibal Lecter is searching so earnestly along the building roof.

Will stands, shouldering his bag, and follows his child's gaze. There's a moment of stillness, something painful to witness, like a sudden solar flare after days in darkness, or the bite of salt on freezing skin.

Will is quiet, staring while Hannibal stares back, before he turns and looks at the boy again. "What did he end up naming you?" he asks. The boy almost answers.

Instead, he says; "You could ask him yourself."

Will's eyes brighten with pride, lips twitching just barely up at the corners. "He's always known where and how to find me," he replies coolly. "So maybe you should ask him why he hasn't yet."

He leaves without a response, disappearing down the fire escape without another word.

The boy looks back, across the street, towards his father. The window he was occupying is empty now. He should leave, before someone thinks to go into the room of his mother's victim and see him standing on the opposite roof.

He leaves quickly, hurrying back across the street, and doesn't comment when his father looks several years older when he finally sees him. Separation, or at least the reminder of it, has not suited him well.

Hannibal looks up. Clears his throat. "I'm surprised he let you live."

"I'm his son." Hannibal smiles sadly, and looks forward again.

"I owe him a child. It wouldn't surprise me if he chose to take you, or kill you, just to hurt me."

The boy cannot help it, he laughs. "He doesn't give a shit about either of us."

"The man in the room next to ours was an agent of Interpol. I was going to deal with him if your mother hadn't. But he did, so I suppose the only thing to do is move on before more friends arrive."

"He... What? Why would he do that and just leave?" the boy demands. No matter how well Hannibal has tried to guide him, he is still so young, and there is nuance that can only be taught through time and experience that he simply doesn't understand. "Why doesn't he just...stay?"

Hannibal cannot say which parent he inherited such a profound longing for family from. Perhaps both of them, for both Hannibal and Will have suffered extreme loss on that front.

He regards his son, who looks so much like Will it's physically painful, sometimes, and smiles, beckoning him over. He goes, allowing Hannibal to place his chin on the top of his head and hold him gently, soothing him with a quiet, reassuring purr.

He doesn't answer.

Chapter 77

It feels like this has gone for an eternity, now. Far past the point where Will's fingertips and wrists flare with oversensitivity, sharply rewarding touch with twitches and flinching.

Past the point where every breath takes three times as long and feels as though they're breathing through damp cloth. He is being tortured, deliciously tormented, and it will never end, it will never end.

Loving hands cradle his shoulders and a gentle mouth has his pulse caught in teeth, as Hannibal slows to yet another grinding halt. He's trembling above Will, back arching up as Will holds him and whimpers, heels grinding hard into the backs of Hannibal's thighs.

"Please," Will whines, as fruitlessly as the first time.

"A little longer, my love," Hannibal moans. He has gone utterly still, immoveable in his desire to prolong this, to never be parted from the sweet, slick emptiness inside of Will, that lies hidden between his legs and is only, ever, for Hannibal to fill.

It hurts to touch him, to run his fingers feather-light across his beloved monster's back, but being wholly unmoving is out of the question. Will, simply, can't.

He sobs as yet another orgasm is denied him, dangled so close only to be ripped away by the loss of rhythm, the ground going level so suddenly that he pitches forward instead of climbing.

"Just hold me," Hannibal breathes, grazing his nose and then his teeth down Will's pretty, blushing neck. "Keep me a little longer inside you, darling, please."

Will turns his head, and kisses. In turn, he is devoured, as Hannibal slithers up his body like a snake and coils tight around him, thighs under Will's hips, knees hugging the bottom of his ribcage, arms beneath Will's shoulders.

No way for him to find leverage on the bed, if it even occurs to him to attempt escape.

Will can't breathe, but that's okay. He'd rather have Hannibal than air.

Eventually, his monster's primal humanity overcomes his sentimentality, for no matter how much Hannibal wishes he could remain planted in Will and touching him like this, lust is an insatiable beast for them, and will not be left muzzled forever.

Will chokes on that air he hates so much as Hannibal mercilessly drives his orgasm out of him, coating their stomachs with a shuddering whine.

Hannibal follows soon after, as always.

He ruts his cheek against Will's, grips both tender wrists tightly in one hand, and snarls into their next kiss, teeth in Will's lower lip and eyes gleaming with animal satisfaction.

It is strange to be floating on such powerful release while being weighed down this thoroughly.

Will clings to Hannibal for fear of drowning, of being taken too far away from shore. Hannibal coils around him again, warm and solid, sweaty and oppressively large when one takes his shadow into account.

When their hearts have calmed and Hannibal shifts, mindful of Will's sensitivities, Will snaps his teeth and sucks in a breath. "No," he hisses, meeting Hannibal's startled, pleased eyes. "Not yet."

ow that it's over, Will wishes it could have gone on forever. The thought of Hannibal leaving now, of them not spending just one more moment sutured together, of letting air and coolness and distance between them...

No. He'd sooner die.

Hannibal coils himself around Will again, cheek on his shoulder, arms below and around his back, keeping Will's hips safely cradled within his thighs. Will wraps himself around Hannibal in turn and wonders when it will feel like enough.

Likely never.

Thankfully, as Hannibal presses lazy kisses to Will's throat, as his thumb rubs soothing circles just shy of Will's spine, as he leans into the brush of Will's nails along his hairline and never again tries to separate their bodies, Will knows that the feeling is mutual.

Chapter 78

Chapter Notes

> idk the ship name but have Will/Bobby incest brainrot where Bobby basically volunteers himself for Will when he's got a killer stuck in his head, mutual pining, possessiveness, mentioned implied rape even though it's consensual they're just idiots.

For as long as he can remember, Will has been chasing his big brother. A few years older and a whole lifetime's worth cockier, Bobby has always known what he wanted, and chased it with admirable focus and determination.

Something easy to absorb, emulate, mask and mimic. Bobby wanted to be a detective, so Will became a cop his few years later, and got the attention of the FBI because there are some things he can't mask. Some quirks and perks that cannot go unignored.

Naturally, Bobby followed.

His experience caught up with him - unlike Will, he snarled at the abyss, the darker side of humanity, daring it to bite him back. Unlike Will, who walked the line between hunger and fear with wariness, looking to his brother for guidance, Bobby dove headfirst into it.

It changed him. He became bitter, drank a lot - as much as Will, but with the intention to self-destruct, not to mute the world around him. He's jaded but Will loves him, and with no other point of reference, learns how to emulate that.

To wear strangeness like a mask and keep people at a distance because people are terrifying and unknown, and Bobby isn't.

Bobby is many things. He's earned his badge, he's not bad at his job. He simply doesn't care.

Will doesn't have that luxury, not with how his brain is wired, so it's freeing and simple to have Bobby there, to listen and scoff and brush off everything that clings to Will when he comes home.

Bobby is a good sounding board, a razor-sharp wire of neutral indifference to cut through Will's hysteria. Bobby is pragmatic, disinterested, and calm, the uncanny silence in the eye of Will's hurricane.

Bobby is a good punching bag.

And when Will comes home with those dark things still clinging, buzzing around the edges of his brain that blind him too badly to see what he needs to see, Bobby takes Will's hands and grins that Devil-may-care kind of grin, and says, "Take it out on me."

And Will does.

Bobby smokes on the porch and Will drinks, huddled together side by side on the top step while the pack wanders and goes about their business for the night. Bobby breathes in deep, exhales with smoke, eyes up.

"Not sexual, this time."

Will doesn't flinch anymore. He used to, guilt making him sick to his stomach as he'd followed the golden thread the killers in his head weaved, down down down to the emotions and thoughts that drove them to do what they did to their victims.

Strangle them, cut them, torture them, rape them. Bobby takes it all of it.

"No," Will agrees.

"Unusual."

Bobby is upset, Will can tell, but he's not sure why. There are deep red claw marks around his wrists and neck, barely visible beneath his jacket, splotched with bruising.

Will refuses to bring knives into their room. No amount of reminders for authenticity or reassurances that Bobby still has a weight class on Will and could overpower him if he needed to, no promises of trusting Will can convince him to tempt fate like that.

Without Bobby, Will would simply freeze in place, a mirror with nothing to reflect, a machine with no code to tell it what to do.

It feels strange to ask Bobby if he's upset that Will didn't rape him this time, but if there is anyone he *could* ask, it's his brother.

They don't talk about it. Only the case, running Will's muddy vision through the window washer of Bobby's experience as the victim. Clarity echoing between the both of them, where Will can be free to indulge, experience, dissect, and Bobby can pull him back at the end.

Will inhales, tasting Bobby's cigarette smoke, mixing it behind his molars where whiskey lingers. "It's about power, this time," he says. "Satisfying the instinct to prove himself the apex predator. No one can best him. No one can hurt him."

"Again."

Will tilts his head.

"No one has to reassure themselves that something will not happen, unless it's already happened. Unless it's been a real threat before." Bobby looks at Will. His eyes are more green than Will's most of the time, but right now they're icy and crystal clear.

He's right, and Will hates that it took doing *that* to Bobby to make him see it. If it's even relevant, or helpful.

"This one kills in threes, Bobby," Will rasps. "He'll strike again soon."

That tired, lopsided smile he never had before they moved here appears on Bobby's face.

"He'll slip up eventually," he says, curling the fingers of his free hand around the back of Will's neck and squeezing gently. His touch is chill and makes Will shiver. "Especially now you're on the scent."

"Would it be better if -?"

Will's lungs burn. "I can't make it good for you, during - he's not like that. But...now?"

Bobby tilts his head, eyes dropping to Will's mouth, to the fidget of his fingers around his whiskey glass, to the nervous shift of his heels against the worn wood beneath them.

"Why do you want to?" he asks.

"Because..."

Because I love you, because I want to be the only person who touches you, because that wasn't even me and I don't think you know how much I love you because you've blinded yourself as a defense mechanism.

"Because I want to. Because I can make you feel good when it's just...me, in here. And I want to."

Bobby smiles, one of those rare, genuine ones, and pulls Will in by the back of his neck to rest their foreheads together.

"Sure," he murmurs. It's such a *Bobby* response. Will laughs, giddy.

Bobby puts his fingers to Will's chin, making their eyes meet. "Take your time," he says, nodding to the dogs and Will's half-full glass. "And be sure. I'm not letting you change your mind after. You got me?"

Will would laugh at how insane Bobby must think he is, how blind he must be to not have seen how badly Will has wanted this for years, how tightly he holds Bobby when the killers are satisfied and he does everything in his power to take care of his big brother, after.

He doesn't laugh. He just nods. "I got you."

Bobby nods, and strides inside. Will takes his time. He drains the whiskey glass, calls the dogs in, locks all the windows and doors and makes sure everyone has settled down.

Then, he goes upstairs, and instead of bruises and bites and mean, cutting marks, he gives Bobby kisses and kind touches, the type of things that linger long and warm for minutes after, the kind of bone-deep intimacy that comes with sharing so much space, the same point of origin, equal and matching volatility, an echo chamber full of sounding boards.

And Bobby, as he always does, takes it all.

Chapter 79

"Tell me about your father."

For a moment, Will lets the sensation of Hannibal's genuine surprise curl around the back of his neck, weigh heavy on his tongue like fingers. He doesn't move, doesn't look away as Hannibal meets his gaze.

Being startled is not a familiar feeling to Hannibal, so Will patiently lets him absorb it, and decide if he will react with defensiveness or deflection of any kind.

He does want to know. They talk little of Hannibal's family, only that something terrible and traumatic happened to them when Hannibal was a child. Will is curious by nature, and has a habit of digging into old wounds. He's never been afraid of ghosts or scars.

Hannibal inhales. Exhales. "I loved him very deeply as a child," he begins. "My mother as well. My father was...an aloof man, but a doting one in his way. He never denied my mother, nor us children, anything that was within his power to give."

Will cannot help but smile, and doesn't comment on what Hannibal clearly inherited.

"When I lost them all, I remember feeling...very angry with him. I know I internalized resentment, that he was not strong enough to defeat an entire army and keep us safe. I don't believe I ever missed him, not in the way I missed my sister. I thought my father was an unconquerable protector, and that was the image I had of him. When that image was compromised, I suppose I let him go."

Will is quiet, patient. The fish is examining his hook hidden within bait. It is not the time to pull him out of the water yet.

Hannibal's eyes are far away, breathing even, unchanging. No hurt radiates from him for his lost parents, not in the way it prickles along Will's skin when he thinks of his sister. Clearly, in whatever way he loved them all, her loss was more painful to him than theirs.

"So you vowed to become unconquerable," Will finally says, when it seems Hannibal will not come back from his childhood without a guiding hand. Hannibal's gaze sharpens, returns to the present. He gives Will a fond smile. "Do you think you could have taken down an army?"

"Not back then," Hannibal concedes. "Though I killed many. After. And even more since."

Of course, Will knows that. Hundreds, at least.

"Your first instinct for anything that makes you feel unbalanced, or unsafe, is to lash out and destroy it," Will says. Hannibal's fond smile softens even further, looking at Will with unbridled affection. "No wonder you tried to hurt me so many times."

"A childish reaction," Hannibal says, "much like how I felt when my father died. Resentment you did not deserve in answer to notions I made of you from the beginning." He tilts his head. "You have since risen to them, and beyond, if it makes you feel any better."

"It doesn't make me feel worse," Will teases. "I'm not at fault for making you feel unsafe."

"No," Hannibal agrees. "You most certainly are not."

They fall into silence again, comfortable, curious. Will feels the mental tug of a fish acquiescing to bite, to allow the inside of its delicate mouth to be speared on his hook for the sake of the fisherman's evaluation.

Whether it believes itself to be uninteresting enough to survive the encounter, or wishes to impress the fisherman with its size and sate his hunger, Will is not quite sure. He won't know until he pulls.

"Do I make you feel unsafe now?"

"...In a sense," Hannibal admits. "On the surface, your unpredictability, your ability to hurt me in ways I cannot anticipate because of how much I love you, that is always there. But it's thrilling, because I know that my devotion is no longer...unbalanced."

"You would do anything for me," Will murmurs. "And I would destroy armies for you." He swallows, and looks down briefly. "Even though you no longer need protecting."

"Isn't that when it's more meaningful?" Hannibal asks. "To do things for someone, even when they don't need you to? Just because you can, and because you know they will appreciate it?"

"Do you appreciate my protection?"

"Yes. It is possessive. Genuine. It makes you vulnerable, and so makes you less frightening." Will smiles at him, wide enough that his scarred cheek hurts. Hannibal returns it.

"Well, my darling Will? Have I satisfied your question?" he asks, his voice just as even as it has been this whole time. Patient, accepting, doting. Will absolutely adores him.

He stands, approaches, and takes his place at Hannibal's side. He takes Hannibal's hand and squeezes.

"For now. Thank you for indulging me."

"Always."

Chapter 80

Chapter Notes

> omegaverse cw, knotting, Alpha!Hannibal, in this it's purposely vague whether Will is a beta or Alpha as well, you get to decide (:

"Shh, darling, just relax, hush now..."

Will grits his teeth, breathing heavy through his nose as he glares at the bunch of sheets between his white knuckles. Hannibal's grip on the back of his neck is tight enough to ensure Will remains submissive and stuck right where he is.

A necessary evil - even a little give would be enough for Will to take advantage and fight back, and one word from Will can end this.

"This would be - a lot... *easier* if you'd just *use more lube*," he hisses through his teeth, sucking in another sharp breath.

The pressure at his rim grows larger and more painful, before Hannibal eases back again. Hannibal's other hand is on Will's hip, more grounding than guiding, and he gives Will a reassuring caress as he withdraws a few inches, giving Will breathing space.

"We don't need it," Hannibal insists. "You're so wet for me." It's true, though that's not Will's doing. Hannibal leaks, a lot, and with his knot half-swollen as it is there's plenty of precum oozing from his cock and slicking Will's insides.

Will whines as Hannibal pulls out, letting his cock smear another layer around Will's swollen and gaping rim, drip down between his legs, precum squelching out of Will when he clenches up.

"Beautiful," Hannibal growls. Will's sure the sight is nowhere damn near, but his protest is lost in a weak moan when Hannibal pushes back inside. No matter how long they fuck for, it's like Will's body recovers far too quickly; each thrust is like taking it for the first time.

Hannibal pushes in deep enough to rut his knot against Will again, trying to coax him open enough to lock them together. Will whimpers and clutches Hannibal's hand at the back of his neck, lacing their fingers together loose and off-center.

He exhales slowly, leans into it, sweat breaking out all over him as Hannibal forces his knot inside. Like a sudden chill, or shock, the sensation covers Will like a fever. He can't help the weak noise he makes; relief, surprise, pleasure with an echo of pain all rolled into one.

Hannibal snarls, releases Will's neck, plasters himself to Will's back, his arm around Will tight enough to suffocate. Warm, wide kisses press to Will's shoulder, his throat, nuzzling up into his hair as he lazily rocks his hips to get his knot as deep and secure as possible.

His hand at Will's hip slides below Will's stomach, where his leaking mess and Will's have mixed together and allow a smooth slide of his fingers over Will's cock, a tight fist and quick rhythm that have Will moaning and rutting back onto the pressure inside of him, chasing the feeling of being so full, so warm, lovingly crushed under his powerful mate and locked in place for however long Hannibal decides to keep him here.

Hannibal makes Will come just like that, Will's rough noises and spasming insides enough to make his knot swell fully, his orgasm washing over him. He kisses Will's sweaty throat, purrs loudly, holding Will tightly as Will laces their fingers together, tries to catch his breath.

"You took that wonderfully," Hannibal praises, kissing Will's red cheek. "Well done, Will."

Will snorts, but accepts the compliment and praise with a quiet hum, and turns his head for a proper kiss.

Chapter 81

Will has figured out that Hannibal gives certain kinds of excuses when he's planning on killing someone. More specifically, he chooses excuses that are as public as possible, because checking his alibi would be personal torture for Will, and because the higher the pool of witnesses, the higher the chance that, yes, *someone* must have seen him that night, /absolutely/. So when Hannibal invites him to some show that Will has absolutely no interest in seeing, and Will declines but tells him to go anyway, and Hannibal agrees to it instead of staying home with Will, Will knows.

That'll be a hunting night. So if Will happens to be a little flirtier that day, a little more affectionate, and does all the things he's learned trigger either Hannibal's protectiveness, nurturing instinct, or arousal, he'll do it. Riling Hannibal up is one of the favorite parts of Will's day.

Then he'll send Hannibal out, go home to check on the dogs, and wait until he's reasonably sure Hannibal is in the middle of his hunt, then messages him;

"Can you come over? Had a bad nightmare." or "I miss you. Please come over?" or "Get your ass over here and fuck me." depending on how much he's stoked an individual flame that day.

Hannibal always comes over.

Out of breath, eager in a way that's easy to pass off as passionate, still a little stuck in hunter mode so his focus is unmatched, his actions direct and oh-so-effective.

And if he still happens to smell a bit like blood, well, Will won't tell. He's not the one who will deliver the punchline of that particular joke, but he's laughing up a storm when he gets called to a crime scene the day after.

It's hilarious to him, to see some body literally mid-stab, get dumped like trash and abandoned for him. Sometimes left while still alive, risking exposure, risking being found out. All because Hannibal simply can't resist coming when Will calls.

How sweet.

Chapter 82

Something strange is happening.

Hannibal is throwing a dinner party, an event that Will, as his husband, is obligated to attend, and which usually makes Will rather sour in the day leading up to it, reclusive and short with the guests during.

But Will seems in a rather good mood tonight, so naturally Hannibal is very, very suspicious.

He spends most of the evening distracted, trying to find the source of Will's lifted spirits. He'd been his regular grumbly self leading up to the party, so it's not as though his whole attitude around guests in the home and the performative art of the whole affair has changed.

Similarly, Hannibal hasn't caught him speaking with anyone new, or really speaking with anyone at all. He's exchanged pleasantries with Alana and Margot, endured the barest amount of new introductions he has to so that no one may outright ignore him.

He hasn't had a heavy hand at the whiskey, so it's not even that he's drunk.

Still, whenever Hannibal looks over at his darling husband, Will's expression is fond, amused, his eyes just slightly narrowed with assessment, but overall he looks like he's...enjoying himself.

Very strange. Almost enough to unnerve Hannibal entirely.

Curiosity vibrates against the base of his skull like a brush of lips too brief and light to be called a kiss. The sensation of someone standing just behind him, but invisible and impossible to touch. Hannibal has never suffered through an evening so thoroughly.

When the guests are gone, the plates cleaned and washed, Will comes up to Hannibal and nuzzles beneath his jaw, the familiar hint of whiskey and Hannibal's food mixing with his regular sharp-sweet scent.

"You seemed distracted, tonight," he says.

"I was," Hannibal admits. He takes Will's hand and leads him upstairs, with no real urgency or intention except to be in bed. Will may be too tired or in no real mood for sex, and if that is the case, Hannibal is more than happy to hold him as they journey into Nod together.

"By you. Your...mood was lighter than usual. I found it curious. Distractingly so."

Will smiles, and leans his cheek against Hannibal's shoulder, waiting patiently for the door to close behind them. "I was watching you," he says. "How... How you behave. Around other people."

He remains still, as Hannibal sheds their jackets and unbuttons Will's shirt, Will's eyes on the floor, Hannibal's eyes on Will's face. He has a faint smile on his face, a barely-there tilt like he's recalling a fond memory.

Hannibal pauses, his fingers lightly resting on the waistband of Will's suit pants, until Will breathes in, and lifts his eyes.

"I suppose I like knowing that I'm the only one who can tell the difference."

He steps close, trapping Hannibal's hands between them, nails grazing below Hannibal's chin to the corner of his jaw. "Knowing you couldn't be that put together if we were the only people in the room. That you couldn't control yourself around me if you tried."

"I'd argue that you test my self-control every moment, even when there are others in the room," Hannibal murmurs, their faces close enough that he could lean forward barely an inch and kiss his beloved. It's a test, one he will fail before long, he always does.

Will's dark eyes soften with pleasure at the declaration. Hannibal's reward is a gentle kiss for his honesty. It lingers, clings like Hannibal's fingers are now clinging to Will's clothes, desperation rising in him like hunger so fiercely, effortlessly lured out.

"Take off the person suit, Hannibal," Will commands. "You don't need it here."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!